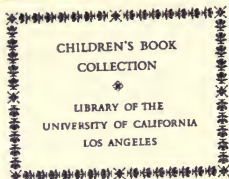




GAIL HAMILTON

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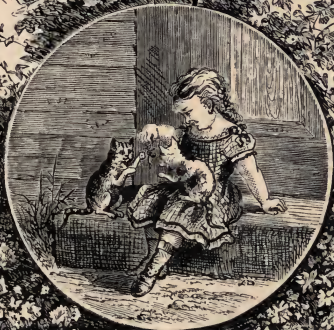


Oscar L. Mathews.



SHE SET HER FAT FOOT IN THE MIDDLE OF ARTHUR'S
BEST KITE.—(Page 62.)

Child World



GAIL HAMILTON.



BOSTON,
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JOHN ANDREW-SON.

1873.

CHILD WORLD.

BY

GAIL HAMILTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY

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PART SECOND.

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CHILD-WORLD.

TRIP'S REVENGE.

Gerty and Trip went out one morning to pick blueberries in the swamp. Trip always went with such a flourish of trumpets that you would think the market was about to be flooded; but I never could see that the price of blueberries was any lower for Trip's industries. First, there was but one pail in the house that would serve her, and whatever might be in that

pail for the time—milk, eggs, molasses—it must be emptied, and the pail washed, for Trip was going blueberrying. Then a string must be found to tie around her waist to hang the pail on, for Trip could make no headway among the bushes unless both her hands were free, and moreover, if she had to hold her pail, she could not hold it. She always dropped it; and from her own account it would seem that she always dropped it just when she was going to fill it the soonest! Then her rubber boots must be drawn on; for in the swamp it was always wet, and as Trip's legs were not of the longest, she could not leap from one dry spot to another, without imminent danger of splashing squarely down into the centre of the wet spot. To be sure she very often went a good deal deeper in than the tops of her rubber boots; still it comforted her to have them on. When her broadest-brimmed hat was snugly tied before and behind, and a pair of leather gauntlets protected her chubby little hands, she trotted off happy, and came home just as happy,

with the bottom of the pail more or less covered with small sticks, leaves, green fruit of various sorts, and perhaps a handful of ripe berries which she usually sat down and ate out of hand. O, Trip was famous for her blueberry feats.

So Gerty and Trip skipped over the bars and through the ten-acre lot, keeping well under the lee of Lubber Hill, lest Neighbor Levere's bellowing bull might get wind of their presence and do them mischief, and over the brook, and over the bars again, and over a broken wall, as blithe as the birds, as busy as the bees, as wild as the lambs.

They had got well into the swamp, and Gerty's pail was softly filling, while Trip's showed by the sonorous rattle made by every slow-falling berry, that her assiduous search for the thickest bush was not very successful; when a crushing of the bushes and a roaring noise sent Trip quickly to Gerty's side.

"Do you suppose that is the bull?" gasped she.

"I suppose it is Bully Jack," said Gerty,

calmly. "Come on, sir. I saw you creeping in when you first came. You don't scare me so easy."

"Well, Miss Great-Heart, march up to the house; your mother wants you."

"Your mother! I wonder who your mother is."

"Sure enough," said Jack, as well as he could with a mouthful of berries.

"Now, Trip," said Gerty, "you stay here till I come back. I will come right back. Don't you go further into the swamp. No; you come out and stay under the pine-tree till I come back."

"Yes," said Trip, nothing loath, and Jack and Gerty sauntered home. Trip stretched herself out on the soft grass, and was very much entertained by a beautiful, big butterfly, and the white, heaped-up clouds, and the birds hopping and twittering in the tree; then she turned over, and leaning upon her elbow, found an ant-hill close by, which was equally entertaining. The ants were very busy in the grain business,

and ran up and down, in and out, not caring or knowing that a little girl was watching them all the time.

Trip thought at length that it was high time for Gerty to come back; and as Gerty did not come, Trip took up her own march home, singing and chattering to herself all the way,—to herself, and the birds, and the butterflies, for Trip was friendly to the whole world.

Great was Trip's consternation to see her Aunt Kitty's pony-wagon standing at the gate, and Aunt Kitty herself seated therein, and Gerty in her best clothes just stepping in, and Cousin Jessie about to follow. The world turned dark, and the heavens were clouded.

"O, where are you going, Gerty?" cried poor Trip.

"O, little Trip," said Aunty; "there you are. We have stolen Gerty for a drive to the city. We should be glad to take you too, but this miserable basket of a wagon will not stretch."

"Trip shall go next time," said Cousin

Jessie. "But there is something for you on the table. Run in and see what it is."

Trip disdained all reply, but marched into the house and up to her mother's room in silence, and the pony-wagon drove off. But her wrath found voice and vent within.

"See here," said Jack, taking a book from the table. "See what Jessie brought."

"I won't," said Trip, flatly. "I wouldn't take up no room at all. I could squeeze right down on the bottom of the wagon," and, overwhelmed by the thought of what she had missed, she threw herself on the floor in an abandonment of grief, and cried vociferously, and kicked the toes of her poor little rubber boots against the carpets, and quite astonished Jack—for Trip did not cry often, and when she did, she did it thoroughly.

"Now, look here, mother," said Jack, after a minute's silent and dismayed survey of the scene. "What a caterwauling about nothing! I'd lick her."

His mother made at Jack with the feather-

duster, and he ran down-stairs, and Trip was left to herself. She thought at first she would cry steadily till Gerty came home, and move every one to pity; but after her first luxury of enjoyment was over, the exercise grew monotonous, particularly as there was no one to see her, and she presently arose and went to the looking-glass. Trip always found entertainment in a looking-glass. The glass being too high for her use, she opened the lower drawer of the bureau a little, just far enough to stand on it. Her face was rather red and swollen, her eyes rather bloodshot, her hair rather shaggy, and her dress rather tumbled; but Trip was not appalled by little matters of that sort. Just at the moment, she felt pretty bitter towards all the world. She thought herself very ill-used, and at liberty to amuse herself in any way she liked, especially a wrong way. As she opened the drawer she caught a glimpse of her mother's clean blue cambric overskirt folded. So what did the little mischief do but drag it out by one corner and put it on! It

made a tolerably long dress for her in front, and, not being looped up, a decidedly long train behind. She brushed her hair as well as she could, and she was never particular about the parting. She put on a broad, old-fashioned, lace collar, and pinned it with a ruby which she found in the pincushion. She made a very distinguished bow of her mother's lavender scarf, and fastened that to the front of her waist. Trip never believed in having finery where you cannot see it yourself. Then she went to the bandbox and took out her best hat, her pale pink silk gloves, her mother's lace veil, and put them all on, and taking her parasol, walked back and forth at the other side of the room, where she could see her train in the glass; there she made Grecian bends and courtesies, and pranced herself into a desire to go forth into the world in her fine array.

From the window she saw her mother and Jack in the garden; so she tiptoed down the back-stairs, slipped around to the end door, and ran as fast as she could till a turn in the road

hid her from the house. Then she walked on leisurely, swinging, opening and shutting her parasol, occasionally taking off her hat for the pleasure of looking at it and putting it on again.

For the honor of humanity, I suppose it ought to be said that Trip was secretly miserable while she was thus enjoying herself; but in the interests of truth, it must be admitted that she was as thoroughly comfortable a little wretch as there was on earth. I am sorry her conscience was so asleep, but it was; or if not, her love of dress and display was so strong that conscience was overpowered. When she came to Mrs. Levere's house, Mrs. Levere told her that Elizabeth had gone out of town, but she invited her to sit down and rest. Trip did so, trying all the while to appear as much like her mother as possible. She asked Mrs. Levere if her children had ever had the whooping-cough, and when she heard from her husband in California, and if she had ever read "Marmion."

Mrs. Levere could not help smiling to hear her talk, and to see her dressed in such an odd

way; and she asked if her mamma knew she had come. Trip was on the very point of saying "Yes;" but she was not quite wicked enough to tell a lie, and replied, "No; but mamma always likes to have me come to see you."

The question, however, made her feel rather uncomfortable, and in a few moments she took her leave.

It had so happened this very morning, that as Trip went into the orchard early, she saw a little calf tied to a tree. He was red, with very long legs, and dark-blue handsome eyes. He looked lonely, and sad, and dismal. Trip thought he must be homesick, and was perhaps thinking of his poor mother. The leather thong by which he was tied was about a yard long, so that he could take only a few steps, and he took those in such a melancholy way, that the exercise did not do him much good. Trip wanted to comfort him, and went pretty near him and said: "Poor little Bossy!" But evidently poor little Bossy did not want to

be comforted, for he bounced around to the other side of the tree, and stood staring at her with great, startled eyes. Then she went close to him, patted his neck, and said gently, "Good little Bossy." As he had twisted the thong around the tree, he was forced to stand still; but he looked so frightened, and trembled so much, that she concluded she had better leave him to the sunshine, birds, and the broad-leaved clover.

As Trip was mincing home from Mrs. Levere's, flirting her parasol, whisking her train, flaunting her ribbons, she caught sight of the Bossy-calf which had been fastened in another part of the orchard, with a longer rope, so that he had more liberty. This sight diverted her thoughts at once from all the pomp of style and fashion. She climbed over the wall in a moment, and was glad to see that Bossy did not look so disconsolate as in the morning, but lay on the grass, apparently in a very contented and happy frame of mind. He even let Trip approach him and rub his

nose, only rising and shaking himself after awhile, and trotting around to the other side of the tree. Trip trotted after him, gathering up her train as well as she could when she thought of it, and stumbling gracefully over it, and twisting herself securely in it when she did not.

Presently up came a dog—a great, ugly brute of a fellow, with dingy, yellowish-white hair, sneaking tail, vile-looking eyes, low forehead, and no ears to speak of—a coward you would know at once, by his looks. No sooner did he catch sight of the calf than he bolted up to him and began a series of petty tortures. First, he gave a short, snappish bark. Bossy was terribly frightened, but he was a brave little calf,—yes, for courage does not consist in not being frightened, but in overcoming the fear, and doing your duty in spite of it—so, after two or three barks, he put his head down and rushed at the dog. What do you think the dog did? Bit the calf's nose? Sprang at the calf's neck? No such thing. He dropped his sneaking little tail between his ugly little legs and slunk away!

“So much the better for the calf,” you say. No, for he only went out of Bossy’s reach—you know Bossy was tied. Just where the calf could not get at him he stopped, turned around, and began his provoking bark, and after every bark, a dismal howl. But Bossy being a very wise, as well as a very brave young calf, presently gave up being afraid, and tried not to show he was worried, and began to crop the clover as calmly as could be expected under the circumstances—though his appetite could not have been very keen. This did not suit the dog at all, the malicious fellow. He lay down on his belly and stretched out all four of his legs as far as he could, and when the calf’s head was turned away, wriggled up to him, gave a snap at his nose, then sprang up in a second and ran back. Bossy forgot he was tied, and darted after his tormentor, but the rope stopped him with such a jerk that he went almost heels over head, while the dog stood at a safe distance, laughing inwardly, I have no doubt, if so ill-tempered a creature can laugh—

for I think laughing is so delightful, it ought to be reserved solely for good people. Bossy gathered himself up as well as he could, rather mortified and angry, as was very natural. But as soon as he went back and began to eat and look unconcerned, the dog began to badger him again.

Trip was never a remarkably brave girl, and she was in a panic of terror for fear the dog would hurt the calf, while yet she did not dare attack the dog for fear he would turn on her. She screamed "Shoo!" and "Scat!" with all her little might, but with a misgiving that they were not the exact words for the occasion; and when "Stubboy!" came into her perplexed brain, she roared it out with energy and much brandishing of her parasol, till she reflected that that was the word used to set dogs on. Then in despair, and forgetful of the little secret about her dress, she rushed up to the barn calling loudly for Jack. Jack was not far off; he never was. "Hullo, there! Who's killed? What for a scarecrow is this?"



CRIED TRIP, "COME DOWN QUICK, OLD SPOT IS KILLING THE CALF."—(Page 19.)

“O, Jack!” cried Trip. “Come down quick. Old Spot is killing the calf!”

“Pshaw!” said Jack, coolly. “Spot would not kill a mouse; he has not pluck enough. He is only playing.”

But Jack sauntered down, and whistled Spot off, very much to Bossy’s satisfaction.

“He is a mean scamp, any way, that Spot,” said Jack, “taking advantage of a fellow when he is tied; but you,” and he put his hands in his pockets, keeping up his mild whistling at intervals, and surveying Trip with great deliberation, “I should say you were gotten up totally regardless; who ragged you out that way?”

Trip realized the situation with some apprehension, and well she might.

“That looks to me like a hole,” said Jack, poking his stick through a rent in the overskirt.

“That is where it is looped up, I guess,” said Trip, conjecturally, with a great doubt in her heart.

"Gloves a little grimmy," said Jack, grim himself.

"That was trying to keep Spot off. I flinged that stick of wood at him and it—wasn't—nice," said Trip, daintily, remembering what she had hardly noticed at the time, the disagreeableness of the damp, decaying wood.

"You will have to wash out your hat-strings before Sunday," said merciless Jack.

"Those are not strings, they are streamers," said Trip, with spirit; but her heart sank within her, for in her divers and sundry troubles, one of her long, white-fringed streamers had become daubed and stained.

"I guess I will go home now," said Trip, soberly.

"I guess you'd better," ejaculated Jack, with emphasis.

Trip unfastened the overskirt, shook it off and laid it over her arm, but she might as well have worn it, for in her eagerness to keep it from dragging, she clutched it closely in her warm little fist, and hugged its remaining

smoothness all away. Even as it was, Jack called out more than once, "Dress dragging, Trip-hammer!" and then Trip would give another clutch and a closer hug.

She went up-stairs, folded the dress away just as she had found it—if jamming a dress into a wad is the same as laying it in smooth folds, put back her hat and finery, and went down again. Her mother was sewing in the sitting-room.

"Well, Trip," she said.

"Yes'm," said Trip, and after a pause, "I have been over to Mrs. Levere's. And after another pause, "Course I weared my best clothes."

"Yours, too, mother," said Jack; "and you ought to see the sight."

"There's only two or three holes," said Trip; "and that's where you loop 'em up."

"And your hat-strings," queried Jack, mischievously. "I suppose you will loop them up, too."

Trip began to feel quite forlorn.

“Suppose you bring me everything you wore,” said Mrs. Meadows. “What have you done with my overskirt?”

“Folded it up, mamma,” said Trip, brightening. “It is all ready for you, just same’s when I took it.”

“How did you know she wore it?” queried Jack.

“I saw her on her winding way.”

“And you let her go? You just wait, mother, and see what she has done; oh! it was too funny!”

Trip soon deposited her spoiled dry goods on the sofa.

“I *guess* it’s where it is looped up,” said she, trailing the sorely-tried cambric to Mrs. Meadows, who could not help being amused in spite of the ruin.

“Not exactly,” said she; “however, I can mend the holes and have it washed, and I think the damage will not be observed.”

The hat came next under review.

“This cannot be washed,” said she; “all we

can do is to cut off the soiled streamer, or wear it as it is."

"Oh! I can't wear it so," cried Trip, quickly.

"So I should say," said her mother. "Shall I cut it off?" Trip assented, and off it came.

"Now the pretty fringe is all gone," said Trip. "I don't think it is nearly so pretty as it was before; do you, mother?"

"O, no."

"Yes, 'tis," said Jack. "It looks like a bob-tailed horse, or a soldier with one leg."

"Oh! I don't want it to look like a bob-tailed horse," cried Trip, in dismay.

"Now, shall I cut the fingers off your gloves, or let them be?" said her mother, quietly.

"Oh!" moaned Trip; "have I got to wear them so?"

"Why, you were very glad to wear them last Sunday."

"O, but they were *beau-tiful* then; and now they are all smashed up. Can't you wash them, mamma?"

"Certainly; but they will look very pale and

ugly after they are washed. They never will be pretty again."

"Mamma," said Trip, after a moment's reflection; "shall not you be 'shamed to see your little daughter walking out in bad gloves?"

"Very much ashamed," said her mother, smiling; "but I shall try and bear it."

So there was no hope in that quarter.

"Would you have them washed, mamma," after another pause, "or wear them so?"

"I would have them washed, by all means. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are clean, if they do not look quite fresh."

"I will give them to Esther now."

"No, because Esther did not soil them. If she had worn them out driving dogs, I should insist upon her washing them. You may take them to the kitchen, and do your best. Scrub the fingers hard, and rinse them thoroughly."

It was a very dingy pair of gloves that Trip wore to church the next Sunday, and the Sunday after, and the Sunday after that; but Trip's spirits were undaunted; even the bob-tailed

hat failed to leave any heavy weight upon her heart, after her father had assured her that he thought it quite the height of style, and Jack had declared, as a principle—"The more odd, the more genteel." And when aunt said that dull colors were far more fashionable than bright ones, Trip entirely forgot that her sin had found her out.

Yet I think Trip was afterwards as careful not to take her best clothes without her mother's knowledge and consent, as if her mother had scolded her outright, or shut her up in a dark closet, or kept her at home when she found her starting out in forbidden garb. And when in her subsequent reading she came to the word passion, and asked her mother what it meant, and her mother said, "My little daughter was in a passion one day, when she could not drive to town with her aunt," Trip the Serene was so mightily ashamed of Trip the Frantic, that for once in her life she had not a word to say for herself, and bent her head to her book, and resumed her reading with unwonted assiduity.



THE DOMINE'S SERMON.

The school house in Applethorpe was open only during the three summer months and the three winter months. The rest of the time its doors were bolted and its shutters barred, and the children were left to run about at their own sweet will, to work on the farms, to learn to sew, and knit, and plant, and harvest, and do many other useful things.

There were a number of boys whose parents wished them to learn more than they could

learn at this short-lived school, used to go to the minister's twice a week and recite Latin and Algebra. The minister's study was in a romantic little building, perched on a rocky shelf near the foot of a high, wooded hill. He had bought the house, which was just large enough for a study, had fitted and furnished it himself, and lived here all day; sometimes his light was seen shining far into the night. The birds and breezes of summer sang to him, the winter winds whistled, and the winter snows whirled around him, and alike from frost and flowers, from snow and sunshine, he gathered sweetness and strength for his own soul, and for those to whom he ministered.

To this eyrie the boys climbed regularly for their recitations, and they stood warming themselves around his cheerful fire, one cold morning, waiting for his appearance from his boarding house.

"See!" cried Garnet, "Thanksgiving is coming!"

“So am I,” shouted Ralph, entering and making the fact obvious by tossing his fists about, and knocking uncereimoniously right and left all who happened to stand in his way.

“Garnet,” said William, “you did not make that observation all yourself; somebody helped you, or you got it out of a book.”

“All myself,” laughed Garnet, good-naturedly; “and I’ve got lots more of them, and I am going to publish a pamphlet on the subject. But see, now, next month we shall have to give up class and go to school. Let’s get up a present for the Domine. Don’t all speak at once, but let’s do it. He’s been here two years.”

“He’s been here more than two years, enough sight.”

“Yes, but I mean we have been in class two years, off and on; and when we make our stop, let’s give him a present.”

“I’m agreeable,” said William. “He is a bully old chap.” I suppose William thought

this was the brave and manly way of expressing his approbation of Mr. Wexford.

“And we might get up a right handsome present—seventeen of us all in.”

“Where do you make out your seventeen?” asked Jack.

“Take all that have been in the class, away back, there are seventeen. I have seen the Domine’s list.”

“What sort of a present do you mean?” asked Ralph; thinking whether Garnet proposed any expense which his solitary five-cent piece would go far to liquidate.

“Well, I tell you what I thought of—a gold-headed cane.”

“O, nonsense!” said William Dana. “I am tired of the sight and sound of a cane.”

“And the feel, too,” suggested Ralph, punching him slyly.

“Quit that!” said William, turning upon him with a vengeance. “Now if we could get him a gold watch, or something of that sort.” Ralph’s heart misgave him.

“Oh ! a gold watch would cost like the mischief,” said Jack. “Besides, he has a gold watch, now. What could he do with another?”

“Sure enough; I forgot that. But then we might get him a chain. He hasn’t anything but an old black tape to his watch.”

“So let’s ! that’s a good idea.”

“How much will a chain cost?” asked Ralph.

“O, I don’t know; not much,” answered Garnet, carelessly. His father was rich, and money was plentiful with him.

“My father is going to Boston, to-morrow,” said William, “and he can pick out a chain, and then we’ll know just how much we’ll each give.”

Ralph did not spend a very comfortable day. He was generous and he was sensitive, and he knew his mother was poor. He would have been glad to give his share—both for the pleasure of giving it and fear of reproach or ridicule for not giving it. But he hes-

itated to ask his mother for money to give for such an object when he knew how hard she worked, early and late, and barely managed to buy the plainest clothes and the simplest food at that. For though her spirit was willing, the flesh was weak.

“Any way, I’ll wait and see how much ’tis,” thought Ralph; “if it isn’t more than a nine-pence apiece, I’ll go without my dinner one day, and that and my five cents will make it up, pretty nearly, I know.” You see he had very vague notions about gold chains.

But when next recitation day came, Garnet and William brought with them an elegant gold chain. “Only seventeen dollars, hook and all,” cried Garnet. “The price is twenty, but Mr. Dana told him what we wanted it for, and that there were seventeen of us, and so we are going to give him a dollar apiece, and he said that would do; and Bill Dana is going to collect the money, and Ralph must write the note, and I am going to show the chain to all the boys, and see if they like it, and want to get

it, and make 'em if they don't, and it's all settled."

"Seems to me you have got the cart before the horse," said Fred Parsons. "You've made arrangements, here, hand over hand, without consulting any body."

"O, pshaw! No danger," said William. "They'll all want to do it. I tell you, we don't have any stingy fellows in our class. Not one in the whole kit."

How could Ralph speak up then, and say that he could not give the dollar!

Very little he thought of his algebra as he sat before the fire, with his slate and pencil, that evening. Was there any possible way in which he could earn a dollar? He knew of none. He had heard of boys shoveling paths, but there was no snow. Could he ask his mother for the money? One glance at her pale, toil-worn face, and her faded dress, one thought of the weary, up-hill drag of her life, answered that question.

If it had only been Jack or Garnet, instead of William Dana, who was to collect the money, he would not have minded it so much. Somehow, he felt as if he could have told them just how it was, and they would have smoothed it over for him, one way or another; but William Dana—no, he could not expose his poverty to that cool, laughing, sneering boy. Then he thought he would tell his mother all about it, and he “guessed” she would contrive some way to help him out. Should he? O, no—it was better not. She would either strive to give him the dollar by still harder work, or still greater self-denial; or the necessity of refusing it would add another pang to her many sorrows, and he rightly judged it would be sharper than any mere bodily privation. Strange to say, the decision not to tell his mother was the hardest of all. It would have been such a comfort to talk it over, with his head on her lap, and her warm hands in his hair; and I think he was a brave little hero for not doing it—for resolving to bear his bur-

dens alone, that he might not add to hers. There was nothing to be done but "face the music," and accordingly he went the next morning hour to William Dana, the first thing, and told him he could not pay the dollar.

"Why not?" said William, staring at him.

"I—I— because—I cannot," stammered Ralph.

"Why, you'll knock everything into pi. Here's more than half the boys paid already, and I shall have to go round getting more money. That's a pretty joke."

"I am sorry, but I —can't help it."

"Look here, boys," called William to a group chattering on the rocks. "Here's Ralph flashed in the pan and slumped through—and you must make up his deficit." O, William, William! did you not see his burning cheek and clutched hands, and could you not have restrained the stabbing words?

"Hey now! what's in the wind?" cried one.

"O, nothing, only a dollar weighs more with some people than it does with others."

“O, um!” said another; “I’ve heard of people that squeezed a quarter so tight you could hear the eagle scream for half a mile.”

The laugh that followed grated on Ralph’s ears, but he said nothing. Yet the boys were not cruel, only thoughtless; though I must say, I think William would just as soon wound anybody’s feelings as not—and a little sooner.

“What a fool you are!” said Jack, in a low voice, giving him, at the same time, a tremendous dig in the side. “Why didn’t you tell me? Tell him you’ve changed your mind. I’ll find the dollar.”

“No,” said Ralph, but his eyes were grateful.

“Why, confound it all! wouldn’t you give a dollar if you had one?” asked Jack, fumbling in his pockets.

“Indeed, I would.”

“Well, then, here, you’ve got one,” trying to thrust it into his clinched fists; “now go and give it to him;” but Ralph turned away, and the dollar dropped on the floor. This little

by-play was not seen by the other boys, who were at a little distance; but as the dollar fluttered in among them, one of them picked it up, and Jack cried out, "It's Ralph's dollar for the chain. Now shut up and go ahead!"

"O, you've drawn it out, have you? Must have used a good strong blister, I fancy," drawled William.

"The dollar is not mine," said Ralph; "it is Jack's. He called it mine, but it is not;" and he went at once into the study.

"Now, look here, you fellows!" cried Jack, in a rather unreasonable rage; "I won't have Ralph badgered. He's worth a dozen of you, and has some good reason for not paying. He isn't stingy, anyhow, and if you're going to fuss I'll quit the concern."

"Nobody's going to fuss, that I know of," said William. "There's a dollar to be made up among us, I suppose you know."

"Well, there it is—now take it, and let's hear no more about it." Jack was not usually overstocked with money, but besides being

in funds just now, he was quite wild with sympathy and wrath. The watch chain was approved by all, and the money collected; and then Ralph was appealed to, to write the note.

"I can't write it," said he; "I've nothing to do with it."

"Yes, you have," persisted Garnet; "it's going in the name of the class."

"But it ought not. I don't want thanks for what I don't deserve."

"O, you hush up! There won't be any names seen, and he won't think anything about it."

"But he'll know my handwriting."

"O, what a guy!" cried Jack. "You can write a better note than anybody, and now you shirk when we want the very best thing done."

"I tell you what: I'll write a note and get somebody to copy it, and then he won't know the handwriting."

"You're a stupid!" said Harry; "but do it."

The note was written, and pronounced "first-rate," the chain presented, and everything went

off according to the programme. In due course of time a note of thanks was received from Mr. Wexford. Garnet showed it to Ralph. "It's all right, you see," said he, kindly. "Prex doesn't know anything about you; so never mind."

"No?" said Ralph, thoughtfully.

But he could not rest there. "He would despise me," thought Ralph, "if he thought I wanted to have credit for what I haven't done—so I should despise myself, too." He turned the matter over in his mind all day, and came to a determination. Then he went straight to Mr. Wexford's study, and said with what steadiness he could muster, "Sir, I did not give you the watch chain."

Mr. Wexford looked at him inquiringly.

"I mean, sir, that I had nothing to do with it, and I thought you might think I did."

"I did think so, of course. We are very good friends, are we not?"

"O, yes, sir; it was not that—not at all. I should have been very glad—but—but—"

“Well, what is it, my boy,” he said, kindly ; “should you like to tell me all about it?”

Ralph was not a cry-baby. I suppose he did not shed a tear more than twice a year ; but he had been so excited about this matter, and had so kept it all to himself, and Mr. Wexford's manner was so affectionate, almost caressing, that Ralph—did not have a regular, sensible, outright, girl's cry—but choked, and gulped, and swallowed, and, after all, could not keep down a dozen tears that rushed up to his eyes all at once. Then in a gush of confidence he told Mr. Wexford all about it.

“Well,” said Mr. Wexford, smiling, when Ralph had finished his story, “I think if I can't have the dollar out of you, I must have the dollar's worth?”

Ralph did not understand.

“Just this, my child : I am not going home at Thanksgiving, and I shall be lonely, and I want you to ask your mother to let me come and spend the evening with her. Will you?”

“O,” said Ralph, delighted, “indeed I will! Indeed she will.”

I could not begin to tell you what a delightful evening Ralph spent with Mr. Wexford and his mother. Mr. Wexford brought a stereoscope, with pictures of foreign places he had visited, and he told Ralph the most ravishing stories of brigands, and burning mountains, and wild beasts roaring at you, enough to make your hair stand on end. And he left a box of candy—none of your common striped sticks and lemon'drops, but real French candy, that melts in your mouth; and just as he was going away he dropped down the back of Ralph's jacket the sweetest, blood-thirstiest jack-knife, with fifty blades to it—or perhaps not quite fifty—dropped it just by mistake, he said—but he never rectified the mistake, and Ralph thought it was the best joke of the season.

It was but a very little while after this that the Domine gave out a remarkable notice from the pulpit—a notice that set all the children

agog with expectation. I do not know whether it had any connection with Ralph's jack-knife, for the Domine did not take me into his confidence, but I very strongly suspect that Ralph's trouble set the whole thing going. At any rate, he told his congregation, one day, that he should like, from time to time, to preach to the children a sermon of their own in his study. "Lay sermons," he said they might be, and he should appoint the time that suited his own convenience; but the next Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock, he should be glad to see as many of the school children as chose to come.

It turned out that so many of them chose to come that his study was nearly filled. "It did not seem a bit like a meeting," Trip said, and indeed Mr. Wexford did not intend to have it seem so. He greeted them all as they came in, showed them his pictures and curiosities, and entertained them till the last comer appeared, and then, having seated them all comfortably, he began,—

"I am going to talk to you, my little friends,

about the inequalities of fortune. Do you know what that means?"

Several hands went up slowly. Jack said it meant to have some rich and some poor. Ralph said it was other things, too, like being sick or well. Garnet thought it meant bandy and boating, or anything one fellow could do and another could not.

"All right," said Mr. Wexford. "The words are long, but the things which the words stand for are things which most of you have doubtless seen and felt, and, I fear, mourned and wondered over. At least, I have known so many young people disturbed by the difference between their own lot and that of others, that I thought a little talk about it might be useful to all of you.

"In the first place, little friends, let us accept the facts as they are. The leg of an old bedstead is not so good to bat a ball with"—here Jack snickered "right out in meeting," Trip told her mother, with wide eyes of horror—snickered audibly and colored high, and sev-

eral of the boys laughed, for that bedstead bat was a much-boasted contrivance of Jack's, though he never dreamed of its ever meeting the Domine's eye. Mr. Wexford was not at all disturbed by the laugh, but smiled knowingly, and went on—"is not so good to bat a ball with as a real bat, broad where the ball is to hit, and narrow and slender where you are to take hold of it; and if your well-shaped bat is also polished and carved and marked with your name in gay letters, why, it may not win you the game, but it is prettier to look at, and easier to keep.

"You, little girls, love to adorn yourselves with whimsical devices. You delight in stabbing your hair with long pins, whose great, round, white heads your envious brothers tease you by calling eggs and cannon balls." Here it was the girls' turn to blush, and look at each other and smile. "You fasten white beads, and black beads, and red beads, around your necks, with red, white, and blue streamers fluttering behind you a 'large cloth-yerde and more.' "

Trip was reminded to pull her new ribbon around where she could see it herself. "All right, young people, stream away as much as you like. Your brothers will soon get tired of teasing you, and doubtless you can find something equally absurd to tease them about. Nothing is more harmless than beads and bows. I regret that there are some little girls who can only look with wistful eyes at the fluttering ribbons of their friends, without hope of attaining any such delights themselves. Not that I think they would be more beautiful with them than without them—but I like to see children have what they want when their wants are innocent. Here is a little boy who read the prospectus of the Youth's Magazine, and scarcely gave it a thought. He knew he could have it by saying a word. His mother would be only too glad at the slightest symptom that he was developing a taste for reading. Another boy lay awake nights, trying to think whether there could be any hope of his subscribing for it, and considers himself very happy

in clubbing with three other boys and taking it together. He does not mind that he gets it a week after it is out, and slightly battered at that. When a little girl who wears calico, and walks to church, is playing with a little girl who wears silk, and rides in her carriage, and a third little girl comes by and invites the latter into her garden, and says nothing to the former, she feels slighted and unhappy, and it is quite natural she should.

“But, little friends, be comforted. You who see the fashions come and go, and are not able to follow them ; you who cannot get “a quarter” just for the asking ; you whose clothes are a little faded, and perhaps patched here and there ; you who see the toys and the candies in the hands of other children and not in yours ; you who live in the plain, small, and perhaps unattractive houses, let not your hearts be troubled.

“There are many reasons why they need not be, some of which you can understand and some you cannot. I will begin with one that you

cannot understand, and you must simply take my word for it.

“You should not be troubled because, although you may miss many good things, you can always have the best things. Character is of more consequence than clothes. If you are a gentle little girl, if you speak in soft, pleasant tones, if you are kindly in your acts, and generous in your feelings toward all, whether they are dressed better or worse than you; if you are respectful to your elders, and especially to your parents; if you are truthful and obedient, and do not talk when there is company—why, it is not of the smallest consequence whether you have a string tied around your neck or not.”

“A string!” broke in Trip, and was terribly frightened the next minute—worse than when Jack laughed.

“O! perhaps you don’t call it a string,” said Mr. Wexford, pleasantly. “I suppose you call it a necklace. But it is strung on a

string, is it not?" They nodded assent, and he went on.

"If you are a brave, honest, manly boy—if you are polite to your mother, and take good care of your sisters, even if you do tease them a little, as I am confident you do—and not a very little, either," (here several sisters' eyes pointed the moral at their brothers,) "if you scorn a meanness, and are not afraid to apologize when you have, in a passion, said or done a wrong thing—then you may consider yourself extremely well off in the world, although you have no pony, and are rather bashful, and must work when other boys are at play, and your jacket is short-waisted. Every good thing I have mentioned you may possess, whether you are rich or poor. If you have not these things, riches will do you no good; and if you have them, poverty will do you no hurt. I mean, if a girl is rough in speech, and coarse in manners, she will be disagreeable to all those whose good opinion is worth having, even though she wear a new hat every day, with

feathers floating all over it; and a well-bred boy will be liked and favored, and helped on in the world, whether he wear broadcloth or blue overalls. This is not merely what the books say, but it is true in life.

“Let me tell you a short story to illustrate another reason.

“Two boys, living next door to each other, were playmates and friends. Henry’s father was rich, and Robert’s father was poor. Robert often used to wonder in his own mind why it was that Henry should have so many fine things and himself so few. When Henry rode by on his pony Robert had hard work not to feel envious and unhappy. Time passed on, and Robert left his native city. He had been a good boy, and he became a good man, and a learned man, and a rich man. He drove his own horses, and lived in a handsome house, and associated with the best people. One day, he was walking along the beach, during a short visit at home, and he met a man whom he half recollected, and who half recollected him. ‘Is

this Henry?' 'Is this Robert?' and very glad they were to see each other.

'And how goes the world with you?' asked Robert.

'Miserably enough,' replied Henry, sadly. 'I am a pauper!'

"Robert was shocked, and hardly knew what to say, but Henry went on, frankly: 'You had nothing but your energies to rely on. You went abroad, and have made yourself a name and a fortune. I had plenty of money. My friends were unwilling to have me leave them. I had no genius to impel me from within, and no necessity to force me from without. I led an aimless, useless life. I fell into extravagance from sheer listlessness. I was too lazy to rush into anything; I had barely sense enough left to see that my property was disappearing while there was yet a pittance remaining. Then I turned upon my steps, took care of the rest, and am now subsisting upon it, with no hope in this life, and but little interest in the next.'

“And yet, dear children, this boy gave, apparently, as fair promise as the other. And now, I give you the second reason why you should not be over-much troubled if you are poor—that poverty seems to be favorable to the best mental and moral training of a vast majority of persons. Remember that this is not universally true. Many who are the sons and daughters of rich men are eminently fit for you to follow, by the grace of their manners, the wisdom of their minds, and the goodness of their hearts. The beauty of their daily life cannot be surpassed. But I think you will find that a large majority of those who are eminent for their talents, their virtues, and their usefulness, were not born in costly houses, did not wear rich clothes in their childhood, and were not provided with numerous servants, elegant carriages, and expensive toys.

“Let me tell you, also, another thing. Your standing in the world is not going to be affected by these things. You will be appreciated when you are grown up, according to what

you are, and not according to what you have. Does your schoolmate slight you now, because you dress plainly and have little money to spend? He is a silly child for doing it, and you are a silly child for minding it. But we do not blame either of you a great deal, because we do not expect children to be very wise. But when you shall be grown up, the time for such things will have gone by. No gentleman or lady will slight you for not possessing those things which are not essential to a gentleman or lady. When you are grown up, we expect you to know this; and if you could find a little comfort in it now, I should be very glad.

“Above all things, my little friends, do not be envious. Be as willing to see good traits in your rich companions as in your poor ones. Because your schoolmate comes in with a new dress every week, do not try to make out that she is proud. Because a boy has a pony, do not insist that he tells lies. Be just and generous toward rich and poor. Think the best you can of everyone, make the most of everything

you do possess, enjoy the pretty things which your friends have, even though you cannot get them yourself, and you will be as happy and contented as if you owned all the silk-worms and ponies in the world. Remember, also, this : However rich you are, there are thousands of persons in the world who are richer than the richest of you. So why should you be proud of that? However poor you are, there are thousands upon thousands poorer than the poorest of you. So why should you complain? I know fathers and mothers who have more thousands of dollars than your fathers have hundreds ; yet just the same these fathers and mothers must find their happiness in their children, precisely as your fathers and mothers do in you. It is no matter how many houses, horses, lands, a man may have ; how many silks, and jewels, and caskets a woman may own ; if their boy grows false, reckless, dishonorable, if their girl is indolent, vain, worthless, all their gold and garniture are of no avail. They are as unhappy as the poorest of the poor.

“The best things of life, my little friends, lie in your own hands.”

“Fancy,” said Jack, that evening, flourishing his bat in dangerous proximity to the family heads, “fancy the leg of the old red bedstead limping into the Domine’s sermon!”



THE GIRL.

“Six great, strapping boys, and never a girl among ’em!” says old Martha Gray, with a look full of exclamation points, and a half smothered sigh of what tried to be resignation.

For my own part, I have no objection to boys; on the contrary, I rather like them. But an unmitigated family of boys must be rather formidable.

“Must make sights of work, Patty,” says Martha’s crony.

“Sights! Law me! from morning till night it is tops, and kites, and marbles, a rollin’ round on the floor, and a trippin’ of me up; and strings a snarlin’ and lookin’-glasses a breakin’ with balls, and boxin’ gloves, and, law me!—I’d rather have the care o’ twenty girls, than them six boys.”

“What on earth, then, makes you stay there? Why don’t you go somewhere else? There’s places enough would be glad to get you, and we all know Martha Gray aint beholden to nobody, neither.”

“Leave? Leave Miss London with them are six boys, to her own destruction? She wouldn’t live a month. She aint no more fit to take care on ’em than your Geordie.”

“No reason why you should slave yourself out for ’em. Why didn’t she bring ’em up better?”

“Lud-a-massy!” fired up old Martha; “what be you talkin’ about, Sally Smith? There aint no better behaved family in the world, I don’t care where they be. Miss London aint never

had no health, and can't do for 'em; but she manages them like wax-work. Th'aint one of 'em but what minds her just as quick as she speaks, same as they do their father. And they're just the most affectionest creeturs you ever see. And Fred has took the first salutary at college, and Dave expects to get the medal; and there aint one but what's bright as a button. They're noisy, and they're boisterous, I allow, and sights o' trouble; but I should like to know what boys aint, that's worth the name o' boys. I wouldn't have sich white-livered things as Miss Jameses boys; and I don't leave Miss London's till I'm turned out doors, neck and heels."

That is the way good old Martha Gray stood up for her darlings.

Now, it so happened that very nearly at the same moment, a pleasant room in Mr. London's house was chattering full of these very boys that Martha was talking about. I was going to call it the parlor; but it was not the parlor, it was "Ma's room." "Ma," being almost an

invalid, sat a greater part of the time in her room; and, in consequence, every one sat in her room, when any sitting was going on. It was indeed very inviting. The sunshine lay there all day long. The little work-table, and the cosy fireplace with a wood fire burning every day in the year, except the days that lay deepest in the heart of the midsummer—the newspaper, and the familiar books, and the great arm-chair, and the huge sofa with the velvet worn pale and thin—all this gave a home look; but the home-est look of all was the look which smiled in a pair of brown eyes that lighted up the room better than any sunshine—the look which nestled in shining waves of hair, matching the eyes—which perched on gentle lips that shut with kisses and opened with smiles. This was what drew the six boys and their brawny-armed father into this upper room, and made it seem so pleasant. And indeed it was pleasant, only Mrs. London, as she looked around upon the wrecks of tops and whips, could not help thinking that it would

be pleasanter still to see a broken doll, or a bit of girl's patch-work, lying beside these boyish ruins. And as little Basil climbed up into his father's lap, utterly regardless of paternal convenience, his mother suggested to him that he ought to be a little girl, so that he might be thoughtful and gentle.

"Do you think girls are gooder than boys, papa?" asked Basil, seriously.

"Softer, and lighter than boys, and easier to handle," answered his father, quite as seriously.

"There ought to be one girl in a family," interposed Fred, who, having just taken a "salutary," was supposed to be capable of pronouncing a final decision on any subject whatever. "All boys and no girls is a bore."

"I guess we've got a girl, now," spoke up young Roderic. "I guess mother is as good as a girl."

"Now, ma, say," said Dave; "don't you wish one of us was a girl?"

"Which one could I spare, I wonder?"

“O, well! Moore is sixteen; he’d be just the right age for me,” said Fred.

“Catch me!” cried Moore. “Basil, now, might be a girl; he likes to sit in people’s laps, and be babied. That’s what girls like. We’ll make him up into a girl.”

“No, I won’t be a girl,” shouted Basil. “Martha Ballston’s a girl.”

Basil had very limited views of womanhood. Martha Ballston stood for the sex. He knew that he hated Martha Ballston, and he did not mean to be put in any class to which she belonged.

“Yes, you will be a girl,” said Fred, who loved to tease him. “You wear dresses, now, and it’ll come all right.”

“Well, I’m not going to be a girl, and I’m going to wear a jacket next spring, ain’t I, ma?”

“If it doesn’t rain.”

“But don’t you want to be a girl, and have a doll to play with and a beau to come and see you?”

“I’d rather go a-courting,” said Basil, du-

biously. A gay laugh followed this rejoinder, and—

About six weeks afterwards, there came to Mrs. London's ears a tale of sorrow—of shipwreck, and suffering, and death. Beauty and youth, and hope, and life, went down in the angry waters. Father and mother, brother and sister, friend and acquaintance—the sea spared them not—the wrathful, ravenous sea. But one little human blossom—one tiny, frail life—one two-year-old baby, found her ark in the arms of a broad-shouldered negro sailor, was borne “thro’ the jaws of death,” and smiled from her blue eyes straight out into the sunshine, just as happily as if father and mother were not torn from her forever.

It was known that Mrs. London was fond of little girls, and had none of her own. Would she mother this poor waif? All record of the ill-fated passengers was lost. The child's family was not yet discovered, but no time was to be lost in making research; yet months might elapse

before she could be restored to her friends. Meanwhile she ought to be tenderly cared for, and, in case her family should not be found, it was desirable that she should be with those who would cherish her as their own. She could not be given up to public charity—the pity which her sad fate excited was too great for that. So the little stranger was laid in Mrs. London's lap, and the father and the six boys came and looked upon her. What did they see that stirred their hearts so, hushed their ringing voices into silence, and brought a dampness to their eyes? Only a shy, sturdy face, half afraid, half repellant—only little fat hands and dimpled arms—only a baby girl, swept away from father's arms, from mother's bosom—swept up by the pitiless sea upon the bleak shores of a stranger world, an orphan, and alone. But, when Mrs. London said in a low voice—

“Well, papa, what do you say?” Roderic forgot himself and answered quickly—

“I say, let's have her.”

“Is it a vote?” asked papa.

“She’s too young to be of any use to me,” said Fred, appearing indifferent, to gloss over the fact that he had been very near crying; “but it’s too bad to send her tossing round the world again. She’ll be a good plaything. I’d keep her.”

“What says Basil? Will you have your nose put out of joint?”

“She can’t hurt my nose,” said Basil. And, by unanimous verdict, “she” was admitted to the family circle.

“She” turned everything more topsy-turvy than ever. Very timid and silent at first, the tenderness that waited on her footsteps soon soothed away her shyness, and she unfolded like a June rose-bud. No queen was ever more loyally served, and it must be confessed that she repaid service with baby gratitude. She walked into Fred’s writing desk, threw his papers all about the room and adored him. She set down her fat foot in the middle of Arthur’s best kite, and crowed loudly to make him look

up. She took a crayon and flashed streaks of black lightning in Roderic's just completed prize drawing, and cooed lovingly in his ear. She pulled both wheels off Basil's tin wheelbarrow, and threw his soft ball into the coffee-pot, and was so sweet and cunning that they laughed at her mischief as if it were the nicest thing in the world to be done, and loved her with all their hearts. To these boys, who had never known a sister, this tiny girl was constantly charming. They never thought of standing up for their rights against her encroachments. They battled with each other famously, and exacted the very uttermost farthing, but she walked over all their necks, and was not afraid. Old Martha softened to her marvelously, and those meddlesome fingers worked restlessly in among Martha's caps and collars, as London fingers had never dared to do. Meanwhile the little one had no name.

"What do you suppose her name is?" Basil asked, a dozen times a day. "How soon shall we name her if we don't find out her name?"

“Perhaps in a year or so. Meanwhile you can amuse yourself with thinking what you will have her called.”

“And mother, if you don’t find out anybody who owns her, she’ll be christened just as we were, won’t she?”

“Yes, dear; we mean to have her.”

“And her name’ll be London something; no, something London?”

“Just so.”

“And she’ll be our very own sister—just the same as if she was borned so?”

“Not exactly the same; but just as dear, won’t she? She will not be our own blood, but she will be our own heart.”

But one day when the little girl had been with them about eight months, there came a letter announcing that the search had been successful—that the child’s grandfather had been found—that he was an English clergyman, and had already started to visit America and bring the baby home. The news fell upon the ears of the London family like a thunderbolt. They

had gradually grown into thinking her their own, and they shrunk from giving her up. The letter had been delayed on its way, and the day after its reception the grandfather arrived. There was a long conference in the parlor, to which the children were not admitted. They gathered in the library, however, and compensated themselves by abusing their guest.

“I hate him; he’s an old ogre, I know!” said Arthur, fiercely.

“What does he want to come mousing about here, for? Juney isn’t anything to him, and she will hate him, I know,” said Roderic, “and be scared to death of him, too.”

“She shan’t go; I’ll fasten the doors,” declared Basil. “She got drowned once, coming over, and now he wants to get her drowned again. That’s all he wants, just to drown her;” and Basil looked so dismal and indignant, with great tears in his eyes, and an enormous pout stuck on the top of his lip, that one

could but laugh at him. "If I's as big as Fred, I'd turn him out of the house."

But when they were called into the parlor and presented severally to Mr. Talbot, their anger was turned away. Even their young eyes could see the lines which grief had traced on that thin face; and not only in the thin, worn, aged face, but in the bent and feeble frame they saw the marks of sorrow—the signs of a broken heart, which touched theirs to tenderest pity and sympathy. They felt, but did not know how deeply they felt. The little girl, contrary to their expectations, was not afraid, but sat quiet and trustful in her grandfather's arms; some blind instinct controlled her wayward little heart.

"So these are my Barbara's brothers," he said, with a pleased smile.

"We hope you will let us be," answered Moore.

"I am sure she can find no better," he responded, his smile dying into a sigh.

“You don’t mean to take her away, please, sir?” asked Arthur, eagerly.

“Not to-night, certainly,” said his father, smiling. “Mr. Talbot is ill and exhausted from his journey, so we will let that rest, and talk about it to-morrow.”

“But just tell me, father,” said Basil, softly, — “is that her name?”

“Yes; Barbara Postlethwaite Talbot is her name.”

“There’s lots of it, isn’t there?” whispered Dave. “And to-morrow we shall know who’s going to have her?”

“Yes, my child; probably to-morrow Mr. Talbot will decide.”

But to-morrow brought the decision from a higher power than Mr. Talbot. His health had been feeble for years. The anxiety of suspense which he had endured regarding the fate of his only child, Barbara’s father, had been too much for him. The news of Barbara’s rescue had roused and renewed him once more;

but it was only for a moment, and in the night God sent his angel. Delaying yet a little while to the prayer of love, the angel stood by him, clasping close in his hand the hand of the weary wanderer, and little Barbara's happy face shone into his longing eyes. In those last hours he made a final disposition of his affairs, and the child was consigned to the care of the new friends, who loved her so well.

"I have outlived my family," he said. "There is no other to whom I would wish to commit her. You will cherish her tenderly." But he needed no assurance. He had seen, himself, how dear she had grown to them.

It had been her father's wish that the seal of baptism should be set upon her brow by his father's hands. It was decided that she should bear her own name, but that the name of London should be inserted. The children were gathered in the room where the old man lay bolstered up in bed. Mr. London held the little girl in his arms, and in a few words asked

for her the blessing of God. The dying man touched her forehead with the water of baptism, and pronounced with a clear voice—

“Barbara Postlethwaite London, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: amen.”

Then the angel gently pressed his hand, and they two went away together through the Gates of Pearl into the Beautiful City.

But Barbara stayed behind. Her pattering feet make music still in the home that would be lonely without her. No spring violet is more lovely than she. No June rose exhales a sweeter fragrance than her dewy presence. All the summer birds sing in her joyous voice; so when summer is gone and winter seals up the melody, and covers away the beauty, she brings the perfume of flowers, the ripple of brooks, and the hum of bees around the household hearth.



THE BLUE HAT.

“O, dear! O, dear me!”

If you could but have heard the tone in which Gerty uttered her dismal ejaculation! She had just come in from a walk, in which she had been caught in the rain. They all looked up at her energetic tones.

“What *is* the matter?” cried Jack, trying to imitate her.

“It is an awful day. I call it an *awful* day,” continued Gerty.

“That is Gerty,” said Jack. “She swings between ‘awful’ and ‘splendid.’ Gerty was made for the superlative degree. She would die of the positive, like a fish out of water.”

“Here I am, mother,” said Gerty, entering the room.

“ ‘The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,

Which Mary to Anna conveyed,’ ”

sang Jack, who was not much given to poetry, but contrived to misapply a little now and then.

“O, my dear! you were not out in the rain?” cried her mother.

“Yes, mother, for I thought I could get to Cicely’s after I left aunt Katy’s. It did not rain a speck when I started, and then it did. And just look at my new gaiter boots, and my clean stockings all splashed. When I take my sandals off, there will be a muddy mark all round. Well, the boots are ruined. I never feel that they are nice again after they have once been muddy. And my feathers are

spoiled too, I suppose. I could hear them go floppity flop, floppity flop, half the way home. Do you think they will ever feather out again, mother?"

"Course they will," said Jack. "Didn't you ever see a turkey in a thunder-shower? He looks as lank as a pole; but he comes up smiling when the shower is over."

Mrs. Meadows took the hat in her hand, and stroked the feathers and smoothed the ribbon, but they both drooped in a rather melancholy way, and poor Gerty looked as melancholy as they. Little Trip stood by with curious eyes. Let us not suggest that she was buoyed up with inward joy in the thought that her own marred hat would have companionship!

"We will see what we can do with a knife when the feathers are dry," said mamma, encouragingly. "The ribbon is heavy and good, and will stand wetting as well as most ribbons."

"Don't you wish you had weared your brown hat as mother 'vised you?" asked Trip.

"Brown hat!" cried Jack. "Not a bit of it!



"DO YOU THINK THEY WILL EVER FEATHER OUT AGAIN, MOTHER?"—(Page 72.)



Gerty would wear her true blue, if it rained guns. Has not my lady been making calls? Why, she would sit up nights to wear that blue hat, rather than go without."

"Do stop!" cried Gerty, a little petulantly. "I cannot bear to have people make simpletons of themselves. After a thing is spoiled, what is the use of saying, if you had done so and so, it would not have been so? If Eve had not eaten the apple, we should have had no bonnets to spoil. How could I know it was going to rain? The sun was out bright when I dressed, was it not, mother?"

"Yes, dear, only it had been raining all the morning; and on such days as this, you know, I told you rain and shine change places very quickly."

"And you knew it was wet," added Jack, bent on teasing, "and you ought to have worn your rubber boots instead of those little sandals. What good can they do when you are ankle-deep in mud?"

"I should feel well, should I not, walking

into Mr. Moreford's parlor in rubber boots. I am sure I hate them enough, any way. But of all things to make calls in them!"

"If I had been your mum, though—" Jack was going on, but the real "mum" gave a final shake to the damp feathers, and cried, cheerfully, "O come, children, don't make a bad matter worse. Run and change your clothes, Gerty, and we will have a pleasant evening, even if it is such an awful day."

"How vain that young woman is getting," muttered Jack, complacently striding across the room with his hands in his pockets. "Strange there should be such differences in one family!"

"The children being so vain, and their ancestors so modest, I suppose you mean," queried his mother.

"Now, mother Meadows," said Jack, stopping and squaring his fists at her. "You don't mean to go back on a fellow that way. Did you not say your own self the other day that you wished I *would* have pride enough to keep

myself looking nice? Did you not tell aunt Katy you were quite ashamed of me? Answer me that now, lady of light!”

“And were you not amply repaid by hearing your poor father apologize, and say, ‘Jack goes in for study. If he gets a book, he forgets whether his hair is brushed or not.’ And aunt Katy answered, flatteringly, ‘Oh! yes. That is a good fault. We all know he is a fine scholar, so we do not mind if his collar is a little rumpled!’ ‘What do you think of that, my cat?’”

“O, pshaw! well, now,” said Jack, tossing his ball to the ceiling, and deftly catching it in two fingers. “Being a good scholar is worth while. That is what you ought to be vain of. But a girl’s feathers and flummery—”

“What is that about feathers and flummery?” asked Gerty, entering. “Something against me, I suppose.”

“No, no,” cried Jack. “Take courage, Señorita. The tables are turned, and mother is pouring hot shot into me. Says I am as

vain as you are. Hush a by, baby, what say you to that?"

"I always thought so, for my part," replied Gerty, coolly.

"I don't believe you ever thought of it before in your life."

"Well, if I had, I should have thought this; but you have always been dinging at me so about my vanity that I never had a chance to examine you. I am glad mother has carried the war into the enemy's camp."

"Oh! but you see my vanity is a great deal better kind than yours. That makes all the difference in the world. Don't glorify. Mine is worthy of a man, sir! Yours is a girl's about a feather! So, isn't it, mamma?"

"Not the least in the world, my fine young English gentleman."

"There!" shouted Gerty, with great exultation.

"Mrs. Meadows, mum, does the undersigned understand you to say that you think it is just as foolish to try to be a good scholar as to stick

a feather in your hat?" and Jack drew his face down to a comical length, and opened his eyes to a comical width.

"I don't think either is foolish," said Mrs. Meadows, laughing. "I want Gerty to enjoy her pretty hats and to learn her lessons. And I want you to enjoy brushing your hair and keeping your collar tidy, and learn your lessons. But you need not be vain of either. If you must be vain, it makes no difference what you are vain of. One thing is just as bad as another."

"Now, mother, there I differ from you. For don't you see, if you are a good scholar, you have to do something and be something. But ribbons and such—why, bless me! They just grow on you like a duck or a peacock."

"I should like to know!" said Gerty, amazed. "They don't grow on *me*. No more do ducks."

"But you don't have to do anything to get a ribbon, only take your money and buy it."

"And you don't have to do anything to get

a lesson," said his mother, "only take your mind and learn it. Children cannot all be good scholars any more than they can all wear rich dresses. Some try very hard to learn their lessons and keep up with their class, yet cannot do it, because they have minds which do not work quickly or retain firmly."

"I pity 'em," said Jack.

"I don't know," rejoined his mother. "It is no great matter not to be a good scholar."

"Mother of Meadows," said Jack. "What is up? If you weren't my mother, I should think you were—well, where's father?"

"O, mother!" exclaimed Trip, "'Siah Smith, he can't read, and he is bigger than Jack, and he just goes—'a-n an o-l-d old m-a-n man.' O, mother, it is *dreffful*!"

"Very bad, I grant you, *very* bad; but if 'Siah Smith cannot learn to read, he is not to blame. And you must remember a dull scholar may do just as much good in the world, and be just as happy as a bright one. There are very learned persons whom no one loves, and very

ignorant persons whom every one thinks charming. The dull scholar must do the best he can do, not try to do as well as some one who has a brighter and stronger mind. There are many things worse than to be a backward scholar."

"I don't know," said Jack. "I should not want to be 'em. If Trip was as silly and heavy as Liz Levere, I believe I should throw her into Black Brook."

"I should not like to have you 'em," said his mother. "And the way is to look out sharply, and avoid them. Happily, the worst things need never befall us."

"For instance?"

"For instance? Well, disagreeableness. No one is born to be agreeable or disagreeable. That we make ourselves."

"O, mother!" cried Gerty, "but Cicely Moreford is so nice! I don't believe she could be hateful if she tried, and Martha Ballston is never more than half and half."

"No, nor ever will be, nor quarter and three quarters," added Jack, heartily.

“Still, can you not see how possible it would be for her to change and be pleasant?”

“Why, yes, if she would only be decently good-natured like other folks, and not always going off in a huff.”

“Very well, see then that you don’t ‘go off in a huff.’ That is one way to be agreeable.”

“I don’t never go off in a huff,” said Trip, who loved to make good points prominent, whether in herself or another.

“You ‘don’t never’ go off at all,” cried Jack. “That’s what’s the matter with you. You always stay ‘round.”

“I don’t know,” said their father, who had just stepped in a moment to find his eyeglasses. “I think Trip is rather apt to come out square.”

“I get pretty mad with Miss Yates, though,” said Trip, uncertain whether they were laughing at her or praising her.

“Mad! how is that?”

“Because I do. Because she is so cross; because she kept me in from recess when I

on'y just looked round when Jenny dropped her slate and broke it; and she keeps saying, 'Who's whispered? Raise your hands,' and I wished a great crocodile would come in and eat her up." This was Trip's favorite anathema.

"Eat you up, too," said Jack.

"No," said Trip. "I should see him coming, and run lickity split before he turned round. Takes 'em a long time to turn round."

"O, Trip," said Gerty, "just think of it! A scaly crocodile with big jaws all wet and slimy to come in and swallow her up, and munch her and crunch her!"

Trip stared in horror of the curse of her granted prayer.

"Any way," cried she, recovering courage, "he might come in. I should not care, really now, if he should come in and scare her and carry her home in his mouth, and never come back again, and not hurt her very much."

"That's what Trip calls being agreeable, I suppose," said Jack.

"I am afraid," said Gerty, with a great sigh,

"we are disagreeable a great many times and don't know it."

"Suppose I tell you one or two ways to be lovely," asked mamma.

"As for example," said Jack, "not to laugh at girls, and take on airs, when they have spoiled their bonnets?"

"So far, so good; but now suppose a piece of mischief has been done in school. The teacher wishes to find out who did it."

"You don't mean to say we must up and tell him," cried Jack, horrified.

"Not necessarily. But, when he is telling the story to the school, you need not cast your eyes about to see who is the guilty one; or, if you know who the guilty one is, you need not look at him to see how he stands it. You have not been appointed a policeman, and discovery is not your business; and, if any of your school-mates should blush, you would only increase their embarrassment by staring at them."

"That's so," said Jack. "You could make Cicely blush any time by looking at her."

“And O, mother!” said Gerty, earnestly. “You don’t blush because you did it, either. The other day when Francana lost her dinner, and Miss Yates said some of the scholars must have taken it, I blushed and blushed, O, so hot, in my cheeks, and I was so ashamed. Seemed as if they must think I did it. O, I felt so mean!”

“I never would stealed *her* dinner,” said high-minded Trip. “Nothin’ but bread and butter and salt-fish!”

“I don’t believe anybody stole her dinner,” said Jack, coolly. “I don’t believe she had any dinner to begin with. Francana is always getting up something great.”

“But,” said Gerty, shuddering, “think of people’s thinking you took other people’s dinner! Ugh!”

“But you can tell how disagreeable it would have been,” continued Mrs. Meadows, “if the boys and girls had turned and gazed at you while you were already suffering from the con-

sciousness of blushing. No doubt the real culprit sat as bold and unmoved as possible."

"If there was any culprit except Francana," interposed Jack, who was a constitutional doubter.

"But don't forget my point," enjoined mamma. "Remember always and everywhere not to look, whenever your looking will cause embarrassment."

"No," said Trip, "I will squinny my eyes up tight, just so."

"And, mother," suggested Jack, "if you see me shying round the mince-pies, you will look straight out of the window, won't you? It always embarrasses me dreadfully to have people looking on when I am so terribly hungry, and things are sort of lying round loose."

"I will engage to do it," laughed his mother, "if you will engage to keep looking the other way when I am making or cutting mince-pies."

"Oh!" groaned Jack. "I shall get the worst

of the bargain. I rather try to be agreeable some other way."

"There are ways enough. But remember this, and say it over after me. No person of delicacy ever wishes to see in another that which the other does not wish him to see."

"But sometimes you know you can't help it," said Gerty. "Now, mother, the other day I went into Olive May's house, and the front door was a little bit open; and when I knocked I just could not help — *I could not help* seeing her mother swoop away a lot of things under the lounge; and a dirty stocking stuck out all the time. I just made believe I did not see it, and walked by, but I did see it. I should not think anybody would put things under the lounge, should you?"

"Probably it was only for a moment, and she took them out again as soon as you were gone; but you did just right in not noticing it. A lady will not notice what it is desirable she should not notice. I observed the other day, when Ammi dined here, and papa asked him

to take another bit of chicken, and he said, 'No, ma'am,' that a young gentleman at my table laughed, and poor Ammi blushed sadly."

"O, mamma," said Jack, "but it was such a little thing. Honest, I never thought of his feeling badly till I saw he did."

"I know it, dear; but a gentleman looks out beforehand not to hurt people's feelings. If it had been Trip, we might all have laughed outright, and she would not have minded, but Ammi was a very bashful little visitor, and a stranger, and poor; and the difference between real courtesy and mere outward politeness is shown in feeling yourself how people feel, and not waiting for them to issue a proclamation of their feelings."

"Oh! but, mother, you make it out just like stepping on eggs all the time."

"If the eggs are yours, you don't like to have them stepped on."

"Oh!" cried Trip, "that 'minds me I found a negg out under the raspberries, and I brought it in," and she began to rummage in her pocket.

“It’s drefful sticky,” said Trip, quite coolly. “I guess I broke it getting over the fence.”

And as Trip drew out her little pocket-handkerchief, and her doll’s night-cap, and the ball of cotton yarn broken off from the garter she was learning to knit, and a paper of molasses candy, and a string of buttons, and one cotton glove, and a counterfeit fifty-cent piece, and a brass thimble, and some gilt paper that she was saving to make a paper doll’s dress, all well smeared with liquid egg and studded with broken egg-shell, it was obvious to the most incredulous observer that Trip had broken her egg.

“Now, don’t be disagreeable and laugh, — don’t, Gerty,” said Jack, speaking through his fingers. “But tell us, Trip,” he inquired with great concern, “which are you going to have for breakfast, dropped eggs, or fricasseed pocket-handkerchief?”

“O, dear, me, suz!” said Trip, holding her four fingers widely apart, “can’t you wash me out, mamma?”

“Why, what did you take the egg for at all?” asked Gerty, carrying out the handkerchief between thumb and forefinger.

“So’s to save it,” said economical Trip. “It was under the raspberry bushes, and there was a woodchuck’s hole close by; and I knew he would come out and eat it up in a minute as soon as I was gone.”

So Trip saved the egg, which was very wise in Trip!





THE CAMP MEETING.

Jack had been away a fortnight, visiting in the city, and when he came back, he seemed a very grand personage to Trip. Consequently, she paid homage to him, and was his most devoted vassal. To his credit, it must be said that he wielded his power gently, and was a very considerate tyrant.

As he lay lounging and lost in the depths of a big arm-chair, and an old volume of some horrid story or other, such as bloody-minded

boys delight in, little Trip walked softly up to him, and leaned her two elbows on his two knees, and rubbed her nose against his book, like any kitten, but did not speak.

“Well, Thumbkin,” at length said the emperor, good-naturedly laying his book aside.

“Jack,” said the vassal, in the silveriest of all metallic voices, and the sunshiniest of all gleaming faces; “we shall have a *joyous* time, now we have got home.”

“We shall, shall we?” laughed Jack, “pray how long have *we* been away?”

“But, Jack, make believe I have been a visiting *awful* hard, and this is the end of it; and do you know what is coming, Jack?”

“Yes, Miss; the end of the world! and Christmas! and the army worm! and green corn! Do you?”

“Yes; but not those. Nice things are coming, right here—right here!” and she stamped her little foot till Jack pretended to hunt something on the carpet. “I don’t mean this very spot, but in this very town of Applethorpe. A

camp is coming here, and a camp meeting is coming here. Jack, what does a camp do?"

"Do? It brings soldiers here, and makes them walk straight, and shoulder arms, and fire guns, and cook, and live in tents, and get all ready to fight."

"And what does a camp *meeting* do?"

"Oh!" said Jack, sinking back, with a sudden dying out of enthusiasm—"I don't know; preach and sing, I suppose, and pray out doors; I don't know."

"Well, the camp isn't coming here. It was, but it isn't. The camp meeting is coming, and we will go, in this very own town."

"Applethorpe isn't a town, my young friend."

"What is it, then?"

"It's a hamlet. It's a village. It's a township. It's a small collection of houses, and a meeting-house."

"I don't believe it," said Trip, after meditating awhile, startled for once out of her servility.

“That’s because you are provincial,” said Jack, coolly.

“And what are you, then?” asked Trip, quickly.

“Oh—well—yes,” boggled Jack, seeing the argument was turning against him. “Well, I’m provincial by birth, but cosmopolitan by education and travel.” The arch Gascon! who had never been a hundred miles from home—who had never heard the words “provincial” and “cosmopolitan” till the day before, and who as yet stumbled grievously over *tupto*, *tupteis*, *tuptei*.

But Trip went to the camp meeting—Trip and Jack together—and saw wonderful things.

First; a great jam of carriages, and horses; and foot-passengers, wheels interlocking with wheels, horses prancing against horses, and everything and everybody crushing and crashing against each other—at least, so it seemed to little Trip, who was too low down in the crowd to take any but the most limited views.

Second; a great multitude of people, seated

on wooden benches, in a grove of pine-trees, whose tall, slender stems were but pillars to a green-roofed church. In front of the multitude, a little, brown, gothic cottage, with a cupola and a platform, and on the platform, a group of old men, one of whom was preaching to the vast throng before him. Around the people a circle of white tents, shining out against the dark woods that stretched deep and thick, and far away behind. Through the sombre aisles, the preacher's voice sounded strange to Trip's ear; the people that moved perpetually to and fro among the tents in a kind of busy silence, seemed to her like people in a dream; and the sunshine that flecked the fine brown, piny earth, and gleamed goldenly aslant through the greenwood, only made the scene more weird to the little girl. But she kept fast hold of Jack's hand, and stumbled along in a kind of dumb maze.

But Jack was wide awake. He stood awhile, hearing the preacher; and presently he and Trip both sat down on the root of an old tree,

for the speaker was Mr. Deerer, Dolf's father, and Jack was interested in what he was saying. He had but just got home from the army, and Trip was extremely surprised to see him alive, having no other idea of war than that every man who went into it was, as Paul says, "as good as dead," in which opinion, I am forced to admit that I concur with Trip.

"The first hospital I went into," Mr. Deerer was saying, "had four brethren at work there. I stayed in that a week, and then Mr. E. told me that the S. hospital had nobody, and I went there. There were six wards, and about forty-five men in each ward. Some days I went through every ward, but not all. I stood it well. My health was even better than usual. I got tired, but was never sick. Seven o'clock was the earliest we could get into the hospitals, but I used to go to the agencies sometimes as early as five o'clock, so as to get my supplies before anybody else. I always took my haversack and pockets full of things. For three days I stayed there all day hard at it, but

I found that would not do, and I must go out and get my dinner, or bring something to eat with me. At eight o'clock the hospitals were closed, and I went home. But perhaps after I had been at home a few minutes a note would come—a soldier was very ill, dying, and wanted to see me, and I would go up and stay till ten or eleven o'clock.

“There is no end of the things sent to the Christian Commission. Loads of goods, the best of jellies, and currants, and berries, and money—and yet, if people should stop giving a single day, we should suffer for it. The Lord seemed to provide for us wonderfully. Sometimes we would be out of something at night, and the next morning a box of it would come. There was a box of slippers going to be sent to us from my own town, but I did not know where. One day Mr. T. asked me if I knew there was a box for me at the door. I said no, and he said there was. I found it, and opened it, and sure enough, there were the slippers—forty-three pairs; and you ought to

see how glad the men were to get them, and to know they were made by women that I knew. 'God bless the ladies,' they said. 'Did they make them for us?' They were nice slippers, too, all in good shape. I wasn't ashamed of them. I wished there had been a letter in each one of them, and the maker's name.

"When I first went into one of the wards, I stopped to speak to one of the men, and I saw down at the other end a young fellow raising himself on one arm and beckoning to me. I couldn't go to him then, because I wanted to take them all in order. But he kept beckoning. Presently the ward-master came along and said one of them down there wanted to see me. I said, 'Yes, all in good time;' but he couldn't wait, so I went right down.

" 'Oh!' said he, a pretty, little, pale-faced fellow he was, 'O, I am so glad to see you, I am so glad to see you!'

" 'Why,' said I, 'what are you glad to see me for?'

“ ‘Oh, well, a good many things; but one is that I have got some money here, and I don’t know what to do with it.’

“ ‘What do you want me to do with it?’ says I.

“ ‘I want to send it to my mother. She is poor, and she wants it. There’s sixty dollars.’

“ ‘Well, why haven’t you sent it before?’

“ ‘Because I didn’t know how. I was afraid the man I sent it by might keep it.’

“ ‘But how do you know but that I shall keep it?’

“ ‘Oh, I know you! You are a Christian Commission man. I know by your badge, and I want you to take the money now.’

“ ‘So I took the money, and sent it to the mother, and presently there came a letter from her, saying she got it. A very grateful letter it was, and he was very happy. The poor fellow had lost one of his legs, and seemed to be doing well; but after a while, something went wrong, and he began to fail. He knew

it, and he wanted me to telegraph to a friend of his to tell his mother that if she wanted to see him again, she must come on pretty soon; and she came, just as he was going, but he knew her, and could speak to her, and told her he was happy and trusted in the Savior.

“A good many of them found the Savior there. They were different men from what I expected to find—not so rough. I never had a more honorable set of fellows to deal with in my life. One of them was very sick when I first went in. He lay with his eyes shut. The flies were all over his face—in his mouth and nostrils. I asked him if he did not want anything. He said, faintly, ‘No,’ without opening his eyes. I asked him again, and then he looked at me, and then he smiled. He thought when I first spoke, I was the hospital nurse, but when he saw I was a Christian Commission man, he smiled.

“He said he had not had anything all day, and it was afternoon then. He supposed he was asleep when the nurse went through with

the breakfast, and so he got nothing. He had asked two or three times for water, but could not make them hear. He said he wished he could have an orange, he had such a bad taste in his mouth. I took one out of my basket. He was delighted with it, and turned it over in his hands; but pretty soon said, 'See here, I can't take this. There's another man over there sicker than I am. You must go and give it to him.'

" 'No, I shan't,' I said. 'I've got another orange in my pocket, and he shall have one, too; but this I am going to peel and cut for you.'

"He was so glad, seemed as if he couldn't believe he and the other man could both have one. There was another man lay just about the same as he did. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He said 'No.' They most all say that, at first.

" 'Now, my friend,' said I, 'just tell me what it is you want most.'

" 'What I want most,' says he, 'is religion.'

" 'You can have it,' said I.

“ ‘Can I?’

“ ‘Yes;’ and then I went on to tell him of the Savior. He said he promised his mother before he left her that he would seek the Savior; and he had tried on the battle-field, but he could not find Him, and he was trying now in the hospital. Just then the ward-master came up to me and said there was a man dying down there, and would I go to him. I started, but he took hold of me by the coat: ‘Don’t go, don’t go!’ I told him I would come back, but he wanted me to stay now, and read to him,—read to him now. I asked him if he hadn’t a New Testament. He said yes, but he was too weak to read. I took it up, and turned to the first thing I thought of. ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

‘That was good,’ he said, ‘read some more.’ I told him I would when I came back, and was going to shut the book; but he said, ‘Don’t shut it. Lay it down open.’ I went to the

other man, and stayed with him till he died. Then I went back and read on in the Bible, and talked about the Savior. When I left him, he asked me to be sure and come to him again in the morning. I said I would, just as early as it was open. As soon as I saw him in the morning, I did not need to ask him anything. I knew from his face that he had found the Savior before he told me. He grew sicker day by day. I went in one morning, not expecting to find him alive. But they told me he was living, but did not know anything. I put my ear close down to him, and asked him if he knew me. He opened his eyes, and said, 'Yes, I know you—I found the Savior—you know—with you.'

"I saw many sad sights in the hospital. I had to harden my heart. I was afraid I should harden it so much as to lose all sympathy and feeling; but, on the contrary, I found the longer I stayed, the more feeling I had for them. They never complained. There were three fellows there that joined the army at one

time; kept in one company; all three were named James; served together for two years; all three were wounded with one shell, and all lost a leg. That's where three of our slippers went to. They were all three loyal patriots, and good Christian men. Most of them were patriotic. They didn't enlist for the pay, but for the cause, and they only wanted to be up and at it again. I always wanted the rebellion crushed, but I came home hating and loathing it worse than ever, and feeling that it must and would be put down."

When Mr. Deerer had finished, another man got up and began to speak, but Jack and Trip did not know him, and did not care to hear what he was saying. Besides, the old root grew rather hard, and Trip quite spoiled the freshness of the clean cambric dress in wriggling about trying to find a soft place to sit on and lean against. So presently Jack whispered to her:—

"Don't you want to go and see the oven?"

"Yes," said Trip, with great alacrity.

He pulled her in and out among the bystanders, till they came to another part of the encampment. There was a large, rough building, with a huge kneading-trough inside, where a very fat man, with bare arms, was kneading bread, and another man was drawing countless loaves of bread from a great oven. When they had watched him long enough, they passed through the long dining-tents, and then sauntered leisurely around the circle of tents, peeping in at almost every one. Some were empty, some contained groups of little children, one or two were filled; and in one, a little baby lay on a heap of straw, fast asleep. Presently Jack cried out, eagerly,—

“O, Trip,—there’s Ralph! You stay here, stock still; I’ll be back in a minute!” and away he rushed.

Trip watched him rather anxiously. She did not like to be left alone, even though Jack was in sight; and her heart went pit-a-pat so hard, that she put her hand on it to keep it still. Then there was a noise—a motion; the

people began to rise from their seats. She wished Jack would come; but no; he kept talking with those boys. He was too far away to hear her voice if she called. Then the people came in great masses, right where she was standing. She could no longer stand "stock still." She was borne along half stifled in the crowd. She could hardly keep her feet at all. She was continually jostled against. No one seemed to see her; or, if any saw her, they supposed some fond father was holding her fast by the hand. No one suspected that a little girl was suffering a thousand deaths through agitation and terror.

It seemed a long, long while to Trip before she got out of the crowd, and could see and walk again. Then she could not tell where she was. The great multitude was gone, the preacher's house was gone, there were only two or three tents in sight; and in her bewilderment, she walked away from them as fast as possible. She had somehow got around on the outside of the encampment, and was wan-

dering farther and farther into the woods. She saw that they grew thicker and darker, and then she tried to go back; but she did not know which way "back" was, and so she tramped, tramped, tramped on, till her little feet were weary, and her little heart sore.

Now, Trip, for all her chubby figure, and her few years, had great dignity of character, and in the press of people, she had scorned to shed a tear. She was not going to be stared at, and called a naughty girl, and asked what was the matter—not she! But, alone in the woods, her fortitude gave way, and she began to cry from the very bottom of her heart.

"Why don't I pray?" and she sprang up all of a sudden, overjoyed at the thought. "Of course, God knows the way out, and I would have got out ten hours ago, if I had only asked Him, I do suppose!"

Then she knelt on a cushion of damp moss, and repeated that sweet, simple prayer, which we call the Lord's prayer. Yet that somehow

did not seem to meet all the exigencies of the case, and, after a pause, she began again—

“‘Now I lay me’—no,” she mused, “I am not going to sleep—that isn’t right.” And, after another longer pause, she branched out on her own account—

“Our Father which art in heaven—you know the way out; please lead me out, or let Jack come in and find me—I don’t mind which; and I am so tired. Dear Jesus Christ, don’t let me die at the camp meeting, and get lost, and have to stay in the woods all night. Forever and ever. Amen.” She half arose, and then knelt again, with an after-thought. “It isn’t that I don’t want to go to Heaven, and live with you; but—”

She did not understand herself well enough to finish her sentence, and make matters straight; so she very wisely got up, with wet knees, but a great peace at her heart. And, right before her, as she opened her eyes, stood a tall man. Trip thought him about two hundred years old. He was perhaps twenty.

Trip's startled heart gave one throb of terror, and then that mysterious magnetism which is never mistaken, thrilled through her, and revealed the man her friend.

"Kiss me, little maid," he said, softly.

Trip put up her lips unhesitatingly, and he kissed her twice.

"And now, who is Jack?"

"He is my brother, and he went to find Ralph, and the people came so heavy, I couldn't stand still, and I couldn't find Jack again, any more."

"Well, my pretty one, suppose I make a little horse and wagon for you here in my arms—so! and then I lift you up into the wagon—so! and then, your horse goes trot, trot, trot, right back into camp, so! There, how do you like that?"

Trip did like it very much. She thought it was a great deal better to be trotted in a man's strong arms, than trotting on her own feeble feet; and she felt sure and safe.

“Dear man,” said she, “did you get lost in the woods, too?”

“No, dear little girl; I walked into the woods of my own self, to see if there was anything in the way of shooting, or fishing, or botanizing, which you don’t know anything about—do you?”

“Then you did not come to camp-meeting?”

“Yes; I came as a looker on—and to find you.”

“Did you know I was lost?”

“No; not when I came.”

“I suppose God told you. I thought he would get me out some way.”

Trip’s tone was perfectly satisfied and decisive.

It was not long before they reached the grove again, and almost the first person they saw was Jack, who was looking extremely miserable. When he saw Trip, he rushed up to her with a glad fury.

“Now, Trip, where have you been all this

time? What business had you to go away? I told you to keep still."

The fox said this, you know, to forestall any reproaches Trip might make him. But Trip made none. She never made any. The stranger, however, answered for her—

"Here's a pretty fellow, indeed! Sent to take care of his little sister, and leaves her in the crowd, to run after boys! That's a *brave* boy!"

But Jack was too happy in finding Trip to care much for what anybody said; and, because the confusion was still great, and the many horses and carriages at the grove's entrance difficult to thread, the stranger said he would go with Trip, and make sure she was not lost again; and after they were well out of the grove, he kept on and helped Trip over the wall, for Jack was going home across lots.

As Trip gave a jump from the wall to the ground, she came very near jumping upon a tiny white kitten curled up close to a big burdock leaf, and looking very friendless and for-

lorn. Trip's heart was warm towards all cats, and this kitten was, moreover, very handsome and winning. Trip stooped to caress her, and Kitty rounded her back under Trip's hand, and held up her nose to be rubbed; and when Trip, at Jack's summons, started for home again, kitty followed, mewing and stopping, but running after Trip again as Trip went on.

"You are going home with quite a retinue," laughed her stranger friend.

"Come, Kitty, come," called Trip; and kitty leaped playfully along.

"It is a kitten that belongs to some of the camp meeting people, I think likely," said Jack.

"And has got lost, as our little friend was," added the gentleman.

"O, poor little ducky!" said Trip, shuddering at the remembrance. "I just shouldn't like that again. I'm going to find kitty, same as you found me. I am going to take her right home to her mother. Well, not to her mother; but I will make a mother for her, and

my Kitty Spunk is going to be her twin sister, and I shall be her mother. And Trosy, too."

The gentleman prudently refrained from interfering with Trip's rapidly-outlined domestic arrangements; and when he had seen Trip and kitty safely over the next wall—"La!" said Trip, majestically, "you need not think I can't climb over a wall just as easy—if the rocks don't come off,"—the last clause added as a small avalanche of stones came tumbling down at her reckless thrust. But when she was safely started in a beaten path, he bade her good-night, which she returned with enthusiasm, and Jack and she went home by themselves.

Trip had a very long story to tell when she reached home, much longer than had Jack, whose usually high spirits and mighty attitude-inizing were a little curbed. Trip was a heroine, for had she not been lost in the woods? But Jack was far from being a hero, for had he not lost her? But Trip made of her account a marvellous jumble of slippers and oranges and lost children and kittens and jellies, and

three soldiers who lost all their legs and got all the slippers, till you would think she had heard such a sermon as was never preached before. But the real trophy which she had to show as a token of her camp meeting was her kitty. Ungrateful Trip thought a great deal more of the kitten she had secured than of the man who had rescued her; and the kitty was very fond of Trip. Her mother thought the new kitten must be put out-doors, and taught to sleep in the shed; but when Trip put her on the door-step, she seemed quite scared out of her wits, and scarcely stirred, but mewed pit-eously. This was too much for Trip, who determined to share her exile, and sat down on the door-step beside her. This comforted kitty, and she seemed to recover her spirits. Presently a grave old gander came up. He was a gentleman who had seen the world; was brought from over the sea, and was not to be easily imposed upon. He saw that the kitten was a new-comer, and he proceeded to institute an inquiry by poking his red nose into her

face. Kitty was disconcerted, and retired behind Trip; but curiosity presently overcame fear, and she crept softly again to the door-sill, and peered cautiously out, this way and that, to see what had become of her late acquaintance. He was luxuriating in a bath, splashing about in a very lordly way, and Kitty watched him with the most intelligent interest. Then Trip, being very hungry, and longing to go in to her supper, brought out Kitty Spunk to entertain the stranger. But they were not inclined to be sociable. One took 'one end of the door-step, and the other the other. After eyeing each other with mutual dissatisfaction for about five minutes, they marched off in opposite directions, without so much as taking leave.

Trip, however, was no longer to be fended off from the supper-table; and after she ceased to be hungry, she grew so sleepy that she was in danger of falling into her plate, and she forgot all about her kitten. The next morning she was delighted to see that they had become intimate.

The new-comer, who was evidently high-born, was all condescension, ease, and grace. She led the games, flew off to right and left at every whim, and was apparently bent on winning the admiration of Kitty Spunk; and Kitty Spunk followed her lead implicitly, suited herself to all the visitor's caprices, bore all her little airs unresistingly, and tried very hard to be quite at ease in the presence of a companion for whom she had, notwithstanding, an immense respect. If Kitty Stranger rolled herself up and turned a somersault, Kitty Spunk rolled herself up and turned two. If Kitty Stranger showed the slightest symptoms of a frolic with Kitty Spunk, Kitty Spunk went into a perfect agony of frolic with Kitty Stranger. When Kitty Stranger, with utter want of tact, sprang on the back of a stately and dignified hen, Kitty Spunk attempted to follow suit, and was ignominiously repulsed. Kitty Stranger laid herself down, at length, with aristocratic disregard of the forms of rural society. Kitty Spunk, with a great show of intimacy, went up

to her, struck her back and tail softly and coquettishly with her paw, till Kitty Stranger patronizingly sprung up again, and organized a tussle. Trip said it was as good as girls, and that was meant to be a great compliment, for Trip was extremely fond of society. But the gander continued to be the chief object of interest to Kitty. Whether it was owing to a fellow-feeling between foreigners, he having come from Ireland, and her grandmother evidently from the Isle of Man, or whether it was because he was the first to pay his respects to her on their arrival, no one could say; but whenever he made his appearance, every other acquaintance was snubbed with entire indifference, and he received her undivided attention. When he thrust out his long neck at her, she retreated a step, but was not diverted from her watch. When he waddled away, she followed him slowly, lost in wonder. Kitty remained, however, exceedingly fond of Trip, and of going with her. As long as Trip was in sight, she frolicked unrestrained. Trip would leave

her by stealth sometimes, or run away when she was up in a tree, and you should have seen her legs go as soon as she ascertained the fact.

When Jack, who felt that something was due Trip on the score of his neglect at the camp meeting, had carved with his jackknife two wonderful little balls, inside of four little pillars and a railing, all of one piece of wood, and hung them around the necks of the two kittens by a pink ribbon for one and a blue ribbon for the other, Trip felt that her happiness was complete, and life had little left to be desired.

Yet life had other delights in store. A few days thereafter came a package by express, carefully bound in thick brown paper, and directed to Trip. And behold, within, twelve little boxes, some yellow, with pictures on the covers, some with marbled sides and gilded edges and lettered backs, and glass covers, and looking-glasses within the lids, and some full of candy, some of paper, a few pictures, two paper dolls with wardrobes, and two tiny blue and gold picture-books. There was no

name, no letter, no message. As there were two boxes of every kind, Trip and Gerty agreed that they must have been meant for both. As for the donor, Trip never would have conjured him up in a month of Sundays; but if the pretty boxes did not come from the young gentleman who helped Trip out of the woods, I hereby offer the boxes themselves, minus their contents, as reward to any one who will tell me where they did come from!





THE DOLLS' CELEBRATION.

Emilus Alvah had become unquestionably shabby. Emilus Alvah was Trip's favorite boy-doll, and Trip was very fond of him. Gerty, too, was very good to him. Trip stood in the relation of mother, and Gerty was a sort of grandmother. He had a finely-furnished room in the under drawer but one in the bureau in Trip's bedroom. Jack had put up a partition, and Gerty had manufactured and collected a chamber set; none of your unsteady, paper

things, but a real bed, and sofa, and chairs, an elegant picture in a tin-gilt frame, a carpet on the floor, made of green muslin,—very dainty,—and lovely little brass-headed nails to hang his numerous hats and caps on. Here Trip enjoyed many an hour of motherly cares.

Regularly every night was Emilus Alvah undressed and put to bed. Regularly every morning was he dressed according to the weather. If it was fine and warm, he wore pink cambric trousers, white muslin over-trousers, and gray silk blouse. If it was fine and cold, he had his blue merino suit. For bitterly cold days, his yellow plush greatcoat was taken out, so that he was always comfortable, and never known to suffer from influenza, or any pulmonary disorder.

But in spite of Trip's tenderest care, Emilus Alvah's face was turning gray, not to say black; one arm was very much frayed, and one foot was bursting out with a prodigious cotton-wool tumor. Jack suggested the doctor.

So Gerty put on an old coat and hat, and pair of spectacles, took a cane in one hand, and a little black trunk in the other, and knocked at the bedroom door.

“Good-morning, Mrs. Mumps,” said the doctor, gruffly.

“Good-morning, Doctor Jones,” replied Mrs. Trip Mumps, smiling as delightedly as if she were not consumed with anxiety for her suffering boy.

“Don’t grin so,” roared Jack, who was intended to be but a silent partner in the scene.

Mrs. Mumps sobered instantly.

“I have called to see your sick folks,” pursued the doctor.

“Yes’m,” said Mrs. Mumps; “here he is.”

“Yes’m, to Doctor Jones!” said troublesome Jack.

“O, you’re a man!” cried Mrs. Mumps, recalled to the situation.

“I should like to have you feel for his pulps right away,” Jack sniggered.

Doctor Jones took up the ragged and raveled

arm, and felt the "pulp" with a solemn and reflective air.

"It's ninety-six in the shade," said he, with great gravity. "He's a very sick boy."

"It's his leg," suggested Mrs. Mumps, half scared. "It's a coming off; see it hang!"

"I can bind that up in a minute," said Doctor Jones. "But his face has got the St. Vitus's dance. That is what makes it gone gray. And he has typhus fever all over him; and you must have watchers and quinine, and take it in grape jelly."

"Yes," said Trip, quickly descending from the heavens of Mrs. Mumps to the reality of this life. "Let's go and ask mamma to give us some grape jelly."

"I suppose he will have to die, any way," said this consoling doctor.

"O, no," cried the loving Mrs. Mumps. "Don't you make him die, because he has so many clothes."

"Oh!" responded the mighty doctor. "I'll

make another boy just like him, and then play he gets well."

So Mary Maria was set in a chair by the bedside of Emilus Alvah, to watch. On the little table was placed a little glass bowl, with about a thimbleful of water in it, and a small spoon that was, indeed, rather too large for the bowl, but better than no spoon at all. Then Gerty went to the piece-bag and the inkstand, and, in the course of an hour or so, a new Emilus Alvah rose upon the world. His face was white and clean, only his cheeks were stained strawberry-red; his eyes were large and black; his hair was very abundant, and a little fractious, being but irregularly sewed on—it was made of the silky floss of Indian corn; his feet were not only whole, but they were quite shapely feet, and Trip was more than satisfied with the doctor's skill.

"Now," said Gerty, when the last touch had been given, "now you must put that old boy in the rag-bag, and this boy into bed, and he will be Emilus Alvah, and get well."

Trip did as she was bidden, half sorrowfully, for she could not at once transfer her affections from the gray old darling to the new white one. It seemed somehow as if she were cruelly treating one very dear to her; but she never spoke her regrets. And when she tried on his night-gown, it suited him so admirably that she forthwith adopted him to her heart.

"Doesn't he look pretty?" asked she, admiringly. "See his little red cheeks."

"Hectic," said Jack, who was reading, but who condescended to be interrupted now and then.

"Now, I tell you," said Gerty. "He is all nice and new, and he ought to have a time."

"O, yes!" cried Trip, not in the least knowing what sort of "a time" Gerty meant.

"Play it is his birthday. It is his birthday,—his own born birthday; and we will have a celebration. Play he is sick, and gets well on his birthday."

"A celebration!" cried Trip, with wide eyes of ecstasy. It seemed to her something so

grand that she could hardly take it all into her mind at once.

“Yes,” said Gerty; “and we will have Mary Maria, and all of them, in their best clothes, and set a table under the trees, and have refreshments, you know.”

“And an oration,” said Jack. “You can’t have a celebration without an oration.”

“Oh!” breathed Gerty, a little doubtfully.

“Pooh! the oration is easy enough,” said Jack. “I’ll make one myself.”

“So will I,” cried Trip, jumping up and down.

“You, Midgets; and what do you know about orations?”

“O, I can make a fairy story,” said Trip. “I make fairy stories just as easy.”

Presently they agreed that they would all make a story, and Jack promised a great deal of help besides, and Emilus Alvah was to be sick all day, to give them time to prepare the celebration, and their father, mother, and Es-

ther, and indeed, every one on the farm, were invited to attend

“The Celebration of Emilus Alvah Meadows’s

“Birthday and getting well of Typhus Fever.

“Under the Appleton Apple-tree.

“Refreshments, at Three O’clock.

“Orations, right after.

“Children, half price.

“God save the Commonwealth of

“Massachusetts!”

This imposing invitation was written in Jack’s most gorgeous hand, and placed in proper envelopes, and distributed to the desired guests. The Appleton apple-tree was found not to afford so much privacy as was requisite; so Jack built a tent. It was a very uncommon tent, but it answered every purpose. He stuck some sharp-pointed sticks into the ground, and hung upon them an old pink mosquito-net. Gerty looped up the curtains to form a tent-door, and ornamented it with ground pine and

wild flowers. Within the tent they set the dolls' table. It was only a board laid on some blocks, but it was covered with a nice towel, and you would not have known that it was not an admirable specimen of household art. The table was spread with all the fragments of all the tea-sets they could muster.

They had gold and silver goblets of wine, though the goblets looked exactly like thimbles, and the wine tasted like sweetened water. They had a wreath of flowers in the centre, and two or three vases of flowers standing about. Emilus Alvah's rooms were stripped of chairs, and even then, Mary Maria, being rather overgrown, was obliged to sit on the ground, in order to bring her head upon a level with her mates. All the flags they owned,—and the number was not small, for Jack and Gerty and Trip were eminently patriotic,—all these flags were stuck around on the table, and among them, flowers and evergreen, and you may be sure the orchard never before looked so gay.

The refreshments were varied, and were regu-

lated by the dishes in which they were served. As there was only one soup-plate, the supply of soup was limited; but it was excellent in quality, very white and cold, and if it had been in a milk-pan, you would have stoutly declared it was milk. They had cake, cut into small blocks, and sandwiches, very minute indeed, and raisins. One orange was all the house afforded, but that was cut into slices, well sugared, and adorned with flowers, so that it was highly ornamental.

Outside the tent, and on the other side of the tree, was the stand for the Orators of the Day. It was simply composed of a wooden settee and a cricket. A few chairs were brought out for the audience. I may as well mention here, that, as the audience were a little late in arriving, Trip grew hungry, and, by gradual pickings, so diminished the refreshments that the children concluded it would hardly be worth while to pass them around; in short, they all turned to and ate up the feast before the company arrived!

Otherwise, the programme was carried out very comfortably and successfully.

Jack wore a long-tailed coat, a standing collar, and a pair of glasses with no glass in them. He stood at the tent-door, and gathered the tickets. Gerty wore a green silk gown with a long train, and a front wrinkled up with pins in a very stylish manner. She had also a large lace cape, and a black lace veil thrown over her head, and hair elaborately trimmed with artificial flowers. Trip's gown was a gray poplin, rather heavy for summer, but the only dress to be found in the garret. It was so long and so big that Trip would have been quite lost in it, only, happily, there was no waist; so, by wrapping the skirt double around her, and just pinning it in front, it became manageable. To be sure, her own little frock and legs were visible to the naked eye before her, but she could look over her shoulder, and see the train sweeping behind, and that was happiness enough. A black silk sack, with the long sleeves caught up to the shoulders with bows, added to her

fashionable appearance, and the flowers in her hair rivaled Gerty's in number and brilliancy, only, somehow, as her hair was short, they refused to stay where they were put, and were continually dropping down over her neck and nose, which, for an orator, was embarrassing.

Jack was Master of Ceremonies. He seated the audience, which soon assembled in a crowd of four or five persons, and then announced,—

“An oration will now be delivered by the wonderful Prodigy, Mrs. Trip Mumps. This is the Commencement of the Exercises. The Exercises will now Commence immediately.”

Jack had got his opening speech a little turned around, but every one knew what he meant.

Mrs. Trip Mumps arose from her seat on a wooden box turned upside down, advanced gracefully, but with a decided swing in her gait, evidently for the purpose of making her gray poplin train show to the best advantage, mounted the wooden-settee platform, curtsied to the admiring audience, and with her face all

running over with smiles, began, in a very unnecessarily loud voice, to read her Oration.

“ABOUT THE WICKED FAIRY.

“One day a little country girl name d Carry went in the woods to gather some chips to make a fire. She went deper and deper in the forest till she came to a palace. She went boldly on ward and knocked at the door. But this was the good Fairy’s palace and the bad Fairy had come to see her. One of the good Fairy’s servants when Carry had knocke d came to the door and said come you get under my dress for the bad Fairy has come to see the good Fairy and the bad Fairy would change you into anoth or form I will take you to the Queen Fairy. But just then the front bell rung and some visit or came in to see Mrs. Lorrence. Let us go to bed said Nelly whispering to Annie and Ella and Lina—”

“Look here,” said Jack, interrupting. “Seems to me, you are getting things mixed. I thought it was all in the woods, and how can

they be ringing the front door-bell? Who is Ella and all that crowd?"

"It is a fairy story," said Trip, confidently.

"Yes, to be sure," said her mother. "That accounts for any slight discrepancy. Go on, Trip."

Trip resumed,—

"O yes let us go to bed they all whispered and so they ran up stairs to bed."

"CHAPTER FOURTH.

"The next morn—"

"Chapter Fourth!" howled Jack. "How came you over there? It is Chapter Second."

"It is Chapter Fourth," said Trip, calmly, holding the paper down for him to see. "I wrote it my own self. It is a fairy story."

"Go on, go on," cried papa, clapping his hands.

"CHAPTER FOURTH.

"The next morn they got up and made there beds and made the room look nice and fixed the parlor and li brary and then ran in the kitchen

and ate there breakfast which consisted of bread and milk and biscuit and butter and then learnt there lessons and said them and then they proposed to make a new garden. So they worked away till dinner time and it was half done when they went in. After dinner they took a walk in the fields and came home at six and went to bed. The next morning after lessons were learnt they worked on the garden till dinner time and it was all done when they went in. After dinner they asked Mrs. Lorrence to tell them a story. She said I will tell you a kittens life.

“THE LIFE OF A KITTEN.

“In an hay loft dwelt a s trange cat who had many kittens. They were all very mischievous but Bobby the eldest, one day Bobby’s bróthers and sisters said to him here Bobby do not tell mama that we are going out. If you do said Dicky the eldest of the mischievous ones I will knock your brains out of you. Bobby told his mother when they had gone that

they had ran away and Dicky said he would punch me if I told mother. After all of them had gone I ran up to mother and said Mamma Dickey and the others have gone out and Dickey Said that he would punch me if I told you. Let us have ever so many kittens against him and then we shall punch him shant we mamma. Shee you must not talk so about your brothers and sisters. Why not mamma. Because—

“That’s all there is.”

There was a great shout at the abrupt conclusion of Trip’s oration, in which she joined as heartily as any of them, and swept her skirts back to her private box with intense satisfaction.

“That is a fairy story and a half, I should think,” said Jack.

“Half fairies, and half a kitten,” said papa.

“And a lot of girls making a garden. Why did not you have the fairies come and make the garden, Trip, and find a pot of gold under the rose-bush?”

“O,” said Trip, composedly, “I had to go

and shut the wood-shed door, and I forgot it."

Trip's father suggested that it was very lucky the wood-shed door was open.

"The next order of exercises is music," said the Master of Ceremonies. "A sonata will now be executed by Herr Dundublitz, just arrived from Heidelberg."

Jack slipped behind the tree, slipped off his long coat, slipped on an old white waistcoat and a pair of white cotton gloves, and mounted the rostrum with an accordeon more or less out of tune, and with half the keys incapable even of wheezing. Nevertheless, what he lacked in music, he made up in noise, and sang and played, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," with great fervor and applause. After this, he resumed the roll of manager, and announced,—

"A New Novel

"Will now be read by

Madame Gertesa Medosina,

"The celebrated Australian Equestrienne;"

whereupon that lady appeared, and with rather more sobriety than Trip had been able to command, read—

“THE ROBINS.

“One fine morning in June two young robins whose names were Johnny and Birdie met in a large oak tree. Birdie said to Johnny, ‘Where are you going this fine morning?’

“‘I am going to find my little sister Jeannie. She was lost this morning.’

“‘I will help you find her,’ said Birdie. After looking a long while Birdie chanced to look in the hollow of an old oak and there was Jeanie pecking in the wood to get a worm. She knew she was lost but she took it easy I think. Johnny called her and told her she must come home. Jeanny went home and old Mr. Robin and Johnny were so glad that Birdie had found her that he let Johnny marry Birdie. They were soon married. A few weeks after they were married they had a little Baby Robin. They called it Jeanie. One day Mrs. Robin thought it was high time for Jeanie to learn to

fly. So she went to an orchard and selected the largest and ripest cherry she could find. She put Jenny on one of the low branches of a large oak and put the cherry on the ground. She then said, Jeanie here is a cherry for you, but you must fly down and get it. She then flew away. Miss Jenny was determined not to fly or do anything like it, so walking to the trunk of the tree she crept or rather slid and got the cherry. Mrs. Robin came back and asked her where the cherry was. Jeanny said 'I have eaten it.' Very good for you its a pretty long way, for you to fly. Jeanie said, 'I didn't fly.'

“ ‘How did you get the cherry then?’

“ ‘I crept down the trunk.’

“ ‘Oh! you little rogue. But you must fly sometimes.’ Then she said, ‘Jeanie I am going with your father and Grandpa and grandma to the orchard to get some cherries. If you want any you must fly over there.’ Jeanny said ‘I can’t.’

“ ‘I’ll see if you cannot,’ said the mother and

she flew away to the orchard. Jeanie watched her until she had disappeared and then said 'I can have as many cherries as I can eat if I fly there. Any way Ill venture it.' So Jeanie jumped in the air and was in a minute near another tree. 'O how nice and cool it is here,' she said. After flying a little way she saw a robin who wanted to go to the orchard but he was afraid to fly.

" 'Billy whats the matter?' said Jeanie.

" 'I want to go to the orchard but I cant fly.'

" 'Thats what I said,' said Jeanie. 'But I just jumped in the air and here I am flying. And it is such a nice cool morning it is splendid up in the air. Billy ventured it and as soon as he found himself in the air he began flying. Soon they came to the orchard and Billy went to his parents and Jeanie to hers. Mrs. Robin was very glad to see Jeannie and gave her two tremendous cherries. Jenny then went to some checkerberries and ate them. Then her mother and father and Grand pa and Grandma went home. The next day Mrs. Robin got a baby

robin again. He was called Johnny. Mrs. Robin gave them a party. They had checkerberries and straw berries and raspberries and thimble berries and cherries and currants and mulberries. They were all served on lilac leaves. In the middle of the table were two large peaches on an oak leaf. Jeanie invited all her friends and Johnny all his. Billy who was there would dance with no one there but Jeanie and Johnny would dance with no one but Miss Nightingale. The next year there was a double marriage. Miss Jenny Robin with Mr. Billy Lark and Miss Clara Nightingale with John Robin. And they were very happy indeed all their life and I daresay there are two or three descendants in the wood now."

"O, I think that is splendid!" said Trip, who had been listening with eager, honest attention.

The usual applause followed.

"Very good. Very fair for a girl," said Jack, patronizingly, "but just like a girl. All

marrying and dancing and things. Now I will show you something like."

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR
ROMOLA UP IN A BALLOON.

"Last year I went up in a Balloon and went across the Ocean. It was of red silk four hundred yards round. I took boats and instruments and my great-coat and blankets and things to eat. It took just twenty-four hours to come over and I landed in Paris. It rained all the time in Paris, and nothing was to be seen in the streets but boats and the heads of poor people who had no boats and had to swim to their shops and offices. All the children are growing scaly and web-footed. I swam four miles one day in search of a boat and succeeded at last in getting a bushel basket to come home with. It was not very tight and shewed a tendency to sink but I held on by the handles and just kept it above water. The reason I did not take my own boat in the balloon was that we had a storm in the clouds that beat my balloon

and my boat all to pieces. We were all thrown into the sea just off the Azores and all drowned but four—the cook, the kitten—his name was Bobby [this, nodding to Trip who was thrown into raptures by it] the clock and myself. We swam to Havre quite unhurt only as we had been swimming around for seven weeks with no food but raw fishes we had become rather thin and cold-blooded.

“After we grew tired of Paris we built another balloon of Stronger silk and went up to discover the North-West passage or Livingston or Something. We found Sir John Franklin and he told us all about it. It seems he went out walking one morning before breakfast near the North Pole and happened to think he would climb up to the top of it and take a birds’-eye view. As it was a foggy morning he could see only as far South as Hudson’s Bay. He saw some fishermen fishing and trying to ask them what was the news, he was surprised to find that he could not speak a word. You see he had frozen his tongue and when he tried to get down

his hands and feet were stuck close to the pole, frozen, and he could not budge an inch. He stayed there three years enjoying the scenery which was splendid, when a comet suddenly whizzed by him and singed his hair and thawed him out. Then he slid down so hard that he went slam-bang through the Earth and came out the other side. It was pretty hot in the middle but he went quick and landed in an Antarctic snow-bank which cooled him off.

“Many other remarkable things happened, but I have no time to tell them now.

“We will now all join in singing the national melody, ‘Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon!’ and the old accordeon was strained to the last crack.

“Oh! Jack was funning; now I know,” said wise little Trip.

“Funning! Phew!” said Jack. “You ought to be up early mornings, and see me flashing around in my balloon.”

“Where do you keep your balloon? Come, now,” asked Trip.

“Keep it! Did you ever look in a big hole underground, just by the northeast corner of the southerly hay-stack in the big barn-chamber?”

Trip was aware of having looked in no such hole, and began to think she might have been too hasty in her conclusions.

“Very much obliged for the entertainment,” said Mr. Meadows, rising.

“O, father, don’t go yet,” cried Gerty, “the best is coming.”

“Oh! I thought it was all over.”

“No, indeed,” said Jack. “Will the congregation please to rise and turn round, and shut their eyes a few minutes?”

It was the only way of “dropping the curtain,” but the congregation was a very obliging one, and did as it was requested. Jack speedily threw an old sheet over the back of the platform settee. Gerty and Trip brought out the dolls and made them sit on the settee, Trip

calling out, constantly, "Don't you peek, mamma. Papa, keep your eyes shut. Don't you turn round, Esther." They all laughed, and promised faithfully.

"Guess you'll be s'prised when you do turn round," Trip could not help muttering.

"Hush up," ordered Jack. And Trip chuckled in stern silence.

Behind each doll a hole was cut in the sheet big enough for a hand to go through. Of course the doll covered the hole. So when Jack Manager announced,—

"The recess is over and the exercises will now be resumed. Part Second thrilling recitative by Mr. Emilus Alvah Meadows and Miss Mary Maria and Helena Clementina and Isabella Clavicorde and Queen Cunigunde Rosamond Meadows," the audience turned to see a row of festively-attired dolls sitting decorously on a white sofa, but no Gerty or Trip was visible. Suddenly, to the amazement of all, Emilus Alvah rose to his feet, made a low bow, and began in a pleasant voice to say,—

“May mornings, May mornings,
We bid you good-bye,
You spread us the blue
Of our soft, smiling sky ;
Wove garlands of green
For the wakening earth,
And kissed the young buds
Into full blossom birth ;
Poured balm in the breezes,
Flung warmth on the river,
May mornings, May mornings,
Thrice welcome forever !”

Then Emilus Alvah bowed, and sat down,
and a low growl was heard that sounded like
“Now !”

Immediately, Mary Maria arose, courtesied,
and began, mournfully,—

“But there breathes through our welcome
A swift farewell,—
Meeting and parting
One song shall swell.

You glide in your glory
Of greeting away,—
With singing and dancing
We hailed the May.
With a pain at the heart,
And a tear in the eye,
May mornings, May mornings,
We bid you good-bye."

Queen Cunigunde Rosamond next arose. She was very gaily dressed in a robe of white gauze, much ruffled, with a very large wrought gold locket hung from her neck by a pink ribbon—very large for a doll's locket, but moderately-sized for a brass button! Her broad, flowing sash was of shining pink cretonne, a little stiff, and her head was symbolically wreathed with artificial rose-buds, a little tarnished, but very jaunty. Her address was to the Roses.

"June roses, June roses!
Say, where do ye tarry?
See ye not little feet,
And blue eyes growing weary?"

Weary with waiting
And watching for you?
Come, smile in the sunshine,
Come, weep in the dew;
List the low voice
Of the sweet south breeze,
Thrilling a-quiver
The tall pine-trees.
She is caroling lays
Of the far-off lands,
Where orange-groves wave
White, beckoning hands.
And hark! in her lay,
How the old earth rejoices,
And trills out response,
With a thousand fresh voices.
Upon the hill-side
The young lambs are springing;
All the pink apple-blooms
Tremble with singing.
Rippling, the rills run,
Little feet follow;
Laughter meets laughter,
From hill and from hollow.

Poised on the purple-globed,
Honey-sweet clover,
Drinks in its nectar,
The tawny-winged rover.
Draining the butter-cups,
Bumble-bees murmur,
Flashes in sunshine,
Their golden-black armor.
Oh ! fairest and best,
Of the gifts of the year ;
June roses ! June roses !
We welcome you here ! ”

The Queen swept a majestic courtesy, and Isabella Clavicorde, modestly arrayed in a calico gown, rather sombre, but enlivened with tating, gleamed on the scene only long enough to say,—

“ Drowsy with perfume
The lily-cup closes ;
Passes in beauty
The bright month of roses,”

and immediately gave way to Helena Clemen-

tina, who made her *début* in a blue cambric shirt-waist and blue silk gown, with a white hat and feather.

“Under the dewy stars,
Gaze we at even ;
From the low, latticed porch,
Up into heaven.
Still in the moonlight,
The grove’s solemn shadow ;
Rise in white silence
The mists of the meadow.
Blossom and color
Are shut from the sight ;
Coolness and fragrance
Are flooding the night.
Brooding of darkness,
And sparkle of star,
Sleep on the eye-lids,
And splendor afar—
Oh ! sweet, haunting spirit
Of Summer, draw nigh ;
And crown with new crowning,
The brow of July.

Queen of the months,
Heir of the May,
Hold forth thy sceptre ;
We bend to thy sway."

Now, I suppose, you never saw anything so wonderful as a rag-baby doll standing up and "speaking a piece." Nevertheless, this is what these dolls did. I should hardly believe it myself, but that I remembered that these verses had been written for Gerty and Trip to "speak" at their July school-examination ; that a discerning eye might have seen now and then one of these speaking dolls clutched by a chubby hand, with a pewter-diamond ring on one finger, precisely like a ring which Trip had purchased for one cent, and which she wore with great delight. And moreover, when this verse-repeating was over, Gerty and Trip sprang up from behind the settee with great shouts of triumph. So, you see, it has a dark look.

Jack then announced that the managers had prepared refreshments for their guests, but

there had been such a rush of dolls to the tables that they had been quite swept away, and, "Therefore," said Jack, with more clearness than courtesy, "I advise you all to go home, and get your own suppers;" and down he came with a double somersault that ought to have taken the breath out of his body, but it did not. Whereupon, the assembly invited the actors to tea and toast, strawberry short-cake, and soft custard; an invitation that was tumultuously accepted, and the Birthday Celebration was over.





MORNING WALKS.

Ammi and Owen were two little brothers who had been left orphans. Their parents had been very poor, and when they died in the great, far-off city, nothing remained for the little boys but to go to the poor-house. Yes, something else remained; for Nancy Brent, who lived in Applethorpe, was their father's sister, and with sturdy American pride she would have thought it great disgrace to let her brother's children be among the "town poor," so she

journeyed to the city, and brought the two boys home to her own house. It was not much of a house,—brown, shabby, small,—and Nanty had only her own hands and the kind offices of her neighbors to depend on. But she was a faithful and honest helper, a useful and valued citizen. She went into her neighbors' kitchens to wash, to iron, to scrub, to clean house; to make preserves, and soap, and samp; to give aid in pig-killing and sausage-making; in haying and harvesting. Wherever there was a wheel in the mud, her hale, strong shoulder went to its uplifting. Besides her regular payment, many an extra load of wood, shoulder of pork, and junk of cheese found their way to her house; and Nanty had been wont to say for years that she never bought a Thanksgiving turkey, and never went without one,—“And the land knows, I never stole one,” she would add, with a hearty laugh.

When Ammi and Owen were added to her cares, she worked all the harder, but not the less cheerily. Ammi could almost support

himself, especially in summer, by doing chores; such as driving the cows, carrying milk, chopping wood, and picking berries. Owen was too small to be of much use in the world; but he was busy, quiet, and good-humored, and sometimes he went with Nanty to her daily work, and the kind country-folk fed him and petted him, and gave him cast-off clothes; and sometimes he stayed at home, and amused himself till Nanty's return.

One day, shortly after his arrival in Applethorpe, Nanty had taken him and Ammi to the fair. He had enjoyed it extremely, had talked about it continually, and even after he had been put in bed, and was supposed to be going quietly to sleep, he began again,—

“And O, Nanty, did you see—”

“There, Owen, stop straight off. Not another word. Go right to sleep this minute.”

“But you see, Nanty, I can't. I do shut my eyes close tight, and yet I see a million things more than I do when they are open. There's the ginger-bread cows, and the painted wagons,

and the funny little men and women that keep dancing, dancing, hoppity-skip all the time."

"Well, sir, you'll catch me taking you to the fair again, if this is the way you cut up afterwards. Why, it's nine o'clock, every bit, and not a wink you've slept, naughty boy."

"O, Nanty, how can I be naughty when I've poked my fists into both of my eyes to keep them shut, and the sleep won't come, all I can do?"

"Well, well, I know who *will* come. I can't stay up with you any longer. I've got the milk to strain, and the pigs to feed before I go to bed, and the beans to shell for dinner to-morrow."

"Stop a minute, Nanty; tell me who is coming."

"Just you keep awake half an hour longer, and you'll see. You'll go to sleep fast enough after that, I warrant."

"Nanty, Nanty!" and Owen jumped out of bed, and ran after Nanty, who was half-way down the narrow stairs. "You must tell me who is coming."

Nanty put her hands to her mouth and whispered, "The Old Man! The Old Man o' the Hills!"

"Who is he?"

"An old man with grizzly hair, and eyes as bright as the sun. He comes round of nights for little children who won't go to sleep, but kick the clothes off, and talk, and make people sit up with them."

"What does he do to them? Does he take them?" the child asked, in a shivering kind of whisper.

"I do' know; I never see them after they get into his clutches; but I've heard tell—"

"What?"

Nanty placed her hands on her sides, closed her eyes, and began half to sing and half to chant, in low, measured tones—

"Devourèd he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple,
But at one sup he ate them up,
As one would eat an apple."

“O my!”

“Houses and churches
Were to him geese and turkeys.”

But then, seeing the white face and staring eyes before her, she added, “But he don’t touch good little boys. You go right back, and cuddle down snug into bed, and keep still, and he won’t hear you when he goes by.”

Nanty was gone. One, two, three great leaps, and Owen was gone, too, down under the blankets, all rolled up in a heap, and so still you would not have known he was there. The wind moaned through the leaves of the old elm-tree, and his straining ear heard it. At first he thought it was the old man, but it kept on just so, and then he knew it was the wind. Presently, he began to grow very warm.

“In half an hour, Nanty said,” he soliloquized. “It doesn’t begin to be half an hour yet. I’ve a great mind to pop my head out, and breathe a bit. He wouldn’t come yet. What a big fellow he must be to eat a house right down. I declare,

I wonder if he eats the people in it! I suppose he would make nothing of such a little one as this, with only Nanty and me in it. O my! how hot I am! How I wish it was day-time." He began to stretch himself a little.

Pretty soon he felt the cold air on one of his feet; but he drew it up again very suddenly, and pulled the blankets around him, and lay still a few minutes. Then he gave another stretch, and again he felt the cold air on the top of his head; but it was so good that he did not jerk his head in, only lay still. After a minute, he began very gradually to work it out, still holding the blankets in both hands, ready to twist himself up again at short notice. But he heard nothing, and finally gathering courage, cautiously pulled the blankets from his eyes, and opened them. A bright light burst upon him, almost dazzling him.

Down into the bed he darted and lay panting, throbbing, terrified, expecting every moment to be dragged out into the night by a terrible hand. But he heard no voice,

he felt no touch, and presently he became more quiet. "The old man keeps mighty still, if that was his eyes. I don't believe it was. He'd take me right off at once, if he wanted me at all. He's so big and strong, he wouldn't have to hide round, trying to get a chance. I'm as hot as pepper. I mean to peep out, any way." And so he softly tugged and tugged, till he made a little opening, and looked out. The light was there, lying on the floor, on the flag chair, on the little trundle-bed, and the bit of rug before it, resting white, still, and soft! "It's the moon! It's only the moon. You round, fat moon, how you did scare me!" said Owen, shaking his fist; but he was not very angry with the moon. He was too glad to see it and know it.

He lay and watched it mounting the clouds, shimmering through the elm leaves, with its quiet, kindly face always smiling at him, till his soul forgot clouds, moon, and rustling leaves, and wandered away over the hills of sleep.

It was rather late the next morning when he went down-stairs. All was still. Old Tabby lay asleep in the sunshine, and the old clock ticked wide awake in the corner as usual. Nanty had gone out to her work; but she had left a large bowl of baked apples and milk on the stand for Owen. She loved him, and took good care of him; and though she scolded him now and then, and frightened him sometimes, it was because she was ignorant, and knew no better. She was in the main kind-hearted.

Owen ate his breakfast with great relish, and then washed his bowl and spoon very nicely, as he had been taught to do, and climbed into a chair, and placed them on the shelf where they belonged.

Then he said to himself, "I think I will go and find Ammi." Ammi went every night and morning to drive Mr. Lincoln's cows, and do any other errands which he might wish.

Mr. Wexford happened that morning to be taking an early walk. Mr. Wexford, it must be confessed, was not very fond of early rising,

and had often resolved the night before that he would take an early walk next day, and had failed to do so. But this morning he had kept faith with himself. And as he brushed the dew from the clover, and stirred up the sweet scents of the fresh grass, and the fragrant flowers, and heard the thousand voices of the waking wood, he said to himself, "This is very fine." When he reached the end of the wood, he mounted the bars, and resting a while on the upper one, rejoiced in the splendid sky, the wild, wet woods, the vivid green of hill and hollow, all the loveliness and music of the morning, and he said to himself, "Well, this is fine. I wonder if anybody else is awake?"

"Anybody else," indeed, Mr. Wexford! Just listen, if you please.

He did listen; and along the winding path, not far from the bars where he sat, came a troop of sweet-breathed, large-eyed, meek-hearted cows, followed, rather than driven, by a barefoot boy in blue frock and "over-alls," with a smaller boy chattering and pattering at

his side. It was Ammi and Owen. But Ammi did not seem to be minding either Owen or the cows; his eyes were fastened quite intently on some distant object which Mr. Wexford could not see where he sat. When the boy was nearly opposite the bars, he came to a full stop, and only twisted his stick abstractedly between his fingers.

“A penny for your thoughts, my boy,” said Mr. Wexford, leaping down from the bars.

Ammi jumped, and gave a startled look, but, seeing that he was not attacked by a robber nor a wild beast, soon recovered himself, and without waiting for any further introduction, asked eagerly, “Can you tell me what that is over there?”

“That? O, that is a wind-mill; didn’t you ever see one before?”

“That a wind-mill,—that floppity-flop, whizzing, white thing?”

“That’s it, exactly,” said Mr. Wexford, laughing.

“Well, now, there!” continued the boy, “I’ve read about them, but I never saw one before, and didn’t think they looked like that. Why, that looks like a great, big—” He did not seem to think of anything it did look like, so he stopped.

“I see,” he resumed, in a few moments; “the wind moves them on the outside, and that is fastened to the inside some way, so it all hitches together. But then, I shouldn’t think it could go, only when the wind is just so. Suppose, for instance, the wind struck it in the flank—so—then it would whistle right through, and not make it move at all.”

“Very true, my young reasoner; and so they have the mill, or, sometimes, only a part of it, made to turn on a pivot, so that wherever the wind veers round, the wings will always face it. It is of no use for the wind to shirk. It always has the old mill to turn, whether or no.”

“Yes, if there is any wind,” said the boy, smiling.

“And if there is no wind, of course it cannot turn a mill. Do you want me to tell you a story about a wind-mill?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Well, once upon a time there was a man who wanted to do something very grand and heroic. He had read about knights going out and fighting dragons, and Saracens, and giants, and—”

“I’ve read about it, too, I know. *Cœur de Lion*, and a great boar that killed all the cattle with his tusks. I know them.”

“Yes; and he thought he would like to do something just as heroic. So he set out with his esquire and his suite in search of adventures. One day, about twilight, he thought he saw in the distance a huge giant brandishing his arms towards him in defence. This was the very thing he wanted; in high spirits, he put spurs to his horse, drove up to the giant, and fought him with might and main. But the giant never failed or fainted, though his attacker came very near doing both; and, when the morning

dawned, what do you think the knight discovered he had been fighting against?"

"The Old Man!" cried Owen, breathlessly, with a remembrance of his last night's terror.

"It wasn't a wind-mill, was it?" cried Ammi, not noticing Owen.

"Just so."

"O my! what a ninny! How mad he must have been. How the others must have laughed at him."

"Yes; and the world has been laughing at him ever since."

"I shouldn't be afraid of a wind-mill," said Owen. "How long ago was that?"

"Ah! I don't think the date is put down in the histories."

"Is that a true story?"

"Not so true as it might be, but a great deal truer than many. We are all given to fighting wind-mills, more or less."

"No, are we, though? I never did; did you?"

"Several, in the course of my life; and I

dare say—" but whatever it was that he dared say, he never said it; for Ammi just then noticed that one of the cows had deviated from the path of duty towards a low, wet swamp, on the edge of which she was browsing; and he sprang after her with a great whoop and hurrah! This startled her, and she plunged headlong into the swamp, and disappeared among the thick bushes. He followed, and for fifteen minutes Mr. Wexford heard the crackling of bushes, the shouts, and the heavy, slow splashing of muddy water.

Owen found ample employment among the blackberry vines under the wall, and just as Mr. Wexford began to fear that harm might come, and was meditating whether he had better go to the rescue, Ammi and the cow emerged from the swamp at a considerable distance from the spot where they entered, and both in dismal plight; the cow, with muddy legs and clots of mud on her brindled sides; the boy, black up to his waist, his frock torn in several places, his arms scratched and bleeding,

and his face red with exertion. "I did it, I did it," he exclaimed, puffing and panting, as he found Mr. Wexford, "I beat."

"Beat whom?" asked Mr. Wexford.

"Beat the cow. She led me a pretty chase. She meant to get away, and have a grand time in there. 'Twas all mud, and hassocks, and prickles, and I was barefoot, and she thought I couldn't get along; but I did. I got her out, and I'd have got her out if it took all day. I guess she won't try it again very soon."

"My young friend, you are as brave as a lion, but you have been fighting a wind-mill; do you know it? I thank you for so timely an illustration."

"Me? A wind-mill?"

"Exactly. You drove the cow into the swamp, and now you take great credit to yourself for driving her out. She would not have made you any trouble if you had let her alone, any more than my man's wind-mill would him; but you both built up a foe out of a very harm-

less thing, and the knight battered and bruised himself, and you—look at yourself!”

“But didn’t I have to get her out?”

“You did not have to get her in. She had no idea of going in herself. What did she want in there? It was a great deal better place out here, and she had sense enough to know it. But you made such a hurly-burly at her heels, that she thought it was all over with her if she did not take to the swamp for refuge. If you had gone quietly up to her, or if you had even gone quietly along, I have no doubt she would have followed quietly, after a moment’s reflection.”

“Any way, I beat after she did go in. I made her come out.”

“She would have come out of herself, just the same. So my knight made the giant show his colors, and prove himself only a wind-mill. But he would have done it just the same when morning came, knight, or no knight. All wind-mills, my boy, all wind-mills. Half our fighting is only against wind-mills.”

“I’m pretty sure I shan’t fight that wind-mill any more.”

“There are many others for you to encounter.”

“Yes, I suppose so. I haven’t been in the country a great while, and I expect I shall see a good many of that kind.”

“A little forethought will enable you to avoid some of them. I was in a great hurry once, and my horse would not start. I whipped him, and urged him, but he never moved; and, after a while, a man came by and discovered that he had not been untied. In my haste, I had quite forgotten it. Then, you see, I was fighting a wind-mill.”

“Yes,” said the boy: “and once at school I thought a boy was making fun of me, because he kept saying,—I thought he kept saying,—‘Ammy-beau, Ammy-bis, Ammy-bit;’ my name is Ammy; A-m-m-i is the way to spell it, but they call it Ammy, and I thought he was making fun of me, and I pounced upon him, and after all, he was only saying his Latin lesson

that he had just been studying, only he pronounced it wrong, the boys said, just for fun. That was one kind of a wind-mill, wasn't it, sir?"

"Exactly. I see you understand. Look out for them, and you will save yourself a world of trouble. There is plenty of fighting to do in the world, without our making the foes."

"Yes, sir," said Ammi, fastening the bars, after he had turned the cows into the field. "I am going down this lane, now."

"Good-morning, then, and I shall hope to see you again, soon. Good-morning, little Owen."

"Good-morning. O, Ammi! I am going with you," cried Owen, in a breath.

"No, Owen, you must go home now. You must not go into the field, because the men are at work there, and the horses; and you will be in the way, and get hurt. You run right home, now, there's a good boy."

Owen turned, rather ruefully; for the field and the horses and Ammi looked very tempting.

But he was accustomed to obey, and soon the bees and the butterflies and all the brightness chased away his regret, and he was just as happy as ever.

“Now I think I will do something,” he said, to himself. “I’ll make a boat and sail it in the tub. I wish Nanty hadn’t told me not to go to the brook. It’s a great sight better sailing there than here, besides the chance of fishing.”

Slowly Owen sauntered down the yard, and along the path to the well. He first picked up a handful of pebbles, and began aiming them at the tallest sunflower; but the old sunflower kept nodding to the sun just the same, and did not mind Owen at all. So he tried his pebbles on the chickens and hens, who were scratching for worms, and they scattered, running and flying, and making a great noise. He thought that was not very kind, and he stopped when he had thrown his first handful.

“O, I know what I’ll do. I’ll go find a ground-sparrow’s nest. I saw the old bird fly

up yesterday.” He had already forgotten the tub. Across the lot, down the hill, through the orchard, he ran, shouting, and singing, and feeling just as gay as a bird, but no bird started up from the grass, for all his singing and shouting. Roaming on and on, peering into every possible hiding-place for a bird’s nest, all of a sudden, he heard the tumbling, and gurgling, and purling of water.

“Hullo! there’s the brook, as sure as the world. Well, now, I did not come to it, but here I am; and seeing I am here, I might as well stay a while. I wonder why Nanty don’t want me to come. I don’t suppose I could drown, if I should try. At any rate, I shan’t try; but I should like to see how deep it is. I could wade across as slick as a mitten; I know I could.”

For a long while he busied himself wading in as far as he dared, stirring up the pebbly bottom with his toes, and thinking, or trying to think, why Nanty did not wish him to come,

when it was such fine fun. Presently, he heard footsteps near him, and turning, saw an old man leading a horse to the brook. His long, white hair fell over his neck and shoulders, and suddenly there rushed into Owen's mind the dreadful story Nanty had told him the night before.

"O, it's he! 'tis the Old Man of the Hills—that's why I oughtn't to have come to the brook." He knew it was too late to run, and, in a kind of desperation, he stood still and looked. The old man, turning to Owen, began, pleasantly,—

"Ah! my little man"—but Owen retreated backwards a few steps up the bank, and, shuddering from head to foot, cried,—

"I ain't afraid!" He did not mean to tell a lie, though he was very much afraid. What he meant, was, "I won't be afraid!"

"Afraid? No, indeed. I would not hurt a hair of your head."

"Wouldn't you, though?" said Owen, somewhat relieved.

“Not for the world. What made you think so?”

“Aren’t you the Old Man?”

“Well, I am a pretty old man,” said he, smiling.

“Wouldn’t you eat me right up, like an apple?”

“Bless your little heart, I never did such a thing in the world. Who told you so?”

“Nanty said it,—if I didn’t go to sleep.”

“No, child, no. I love little children. I have a little boy at home, who watches for me; and, as soon as he sees Dick here, trotting along, he runs out to meet us, and I draw him up into my arms, and so we ride up to the door together. How should you like that?”

“I should like it very much indeed,” said Owen, with sparkling eyes.

“Come, then, let us shake hands, and be friends.”

Owen advanced timidly, and placed his little, fat hand in the large, bony one, held out to him, taking care, however, to stand at arm’s

length. The old man saw that his fear was not quite gone, and so, still holding his hand, he asked him, smilingly, where he lived.

"Down yonder," said Owen, indicating with his head the cottage across the fields.

"And whose boy are you, lovey?"

"I'm Nanty's boy."

"Haven't you any mother?"

"No; mother has gone to the good place; but I have a Nanty. You couldn't eat a house, could you, any way?" for Owen had been carefully scanning the bowed figure before him, not being able to get quite out of his head the idea of the fearful Old Man of the Hills.

"I suppose I could eat one, if anybody could."

"Wasn't there ever any such man, though?"

"No, never; it is only a story. Yes, come to think of it, there is somebody that they call the Old Man of the Mountain, but he never ate anything in his life."

"Never! how could he live then?"

“No, nor ever drank, nor slept, nor went into the house.”

“O, my!”

“You see, little friend, he was made of rock. Out among the mountains there is one, which, if you look at it away off, looks like a man’s head, and so it is called the Old Man of the Mountains.”

“Oh! is that all?”

“That is all. Now, should not you like to get up on my horse and ride home? I am going around the field, and coming by your house.”

Owen thought nothing would be so grand as a ride on a “real, live horse,” and the old man set him up on the horse, and held the bridle, while Owen clung fast to the mane with both hands.

His delight was such that he kept up a running comment on his performance, asking questions, and answering them himself, before his friend could have a chance to speak.

“O my! just see me go! I can feel his bones

move! I wish Nanty could see me! I ain't going to tumble off! I ain't a bit afraid! I'm glad I went to the brook, now, if Nanty did tell me not to."

"Did she?"

"Yes; but you see, I did not mean to go. I got there all of a sudden before I knew, and then I thought I might as well stay, you see."

"And what will Nanty say?"

"O, she'll scold a little, I suppose. Would you tell her? Yes, I will, though. And I shall tell her about you, and she won't ever scare me again, I know. I'll know better next time."

They got home, Owen thought, in a wonderfully short time, and he looked wistfully down the lane till the horse and rider had both disappeared.

When he told Nanty he had been to the brook, he was surprised to find that she knew it. She had come home to get her apron, and

had seen him away off, talking with the old man."

"Nanty," said he, rather indignantly, "how came you to tell me the Old Man would eat me, when he can't stir a step?"

Nanty only laughed.





STILTS.

The Applethorpe boys were not bad, as boys go. On the contrary, as boys go, they were rather good. They were not characterized by profaneness or meanness, though sometimes an evil word would be heard, an ungenerous deed be done. Very few of them told lies, and I never heard of a single case of theft among them. And I may say this, that the boys who had the most influence were the boys who had the best character. But then, you

know, all boys have more or less of the savage still clinging to them. This is not saying something bad of them, for do we not often speak of the "noble savage?" If tramping through the woods, and living out doors, and loving all free, fresh life be savage, I wish girls might have a little more of the savage quality. But I don't know that I would advise girls to practice walking on stilts, as the Applethorpe boys were occasionally fond of doing. Occasionally, indeed; for their sports seemed to be as fitful as thunder showers. Sometimes driving hoop was in the ascendant, and every time you turned a corner you were in danger of rushing upon, or being overrun by, an overgrown, swift-rolling hoop. This would last till girls began to be interested, and then hoops were ornamented with gay cords, and hoopsticks fluttered with bright ribbons, and then you may be sure the hoops soon disappeared. Next would come, perhaps, marbles, and all the side-walks were full of diagrams, which the passengers would hesitate to obliterate

with their footsteps or flowing skirts. And so people were constantly stepping aside into the streets. And then, marbles, too, declined into the luxuries of alleys and agates, and boyhood's ingenious mind rejected them for some newer and simpler pursuit. Just now it was stilts, and Applethorpe was alive with wooden legs, and noisy with stamping and stumping—from the wee boy pegging about, six inches above the ground, to Jack Meadows, on a pair of stilts so high that he had to climb on the shed to mount them.

But William Dana had no stilts, because his mother was an invalid, and nervous, and possessed with an idea that William would be sure to come to harm if he attempted to mount them. But he teased his father, and he teased his mother, and “All the boys have them, and there is no fun, and no danger of being hurt any more’n a man in the moon.”

“For my part,” said his sister Bess, authoritatively, “I don’t see what mighty fun there is hobbling about on a pair of stilts. It is time



LEITHORPE WAS ALIVE WITH WOODEN LEGS.—(Page 180.)



enough to use crutches when you must; but if you have legs of your own I should think you would rather wear them!"

"Bother now! you hush up!" said William, not very gently. "What do you know about it? A girl!"

"Yes; but I did not know that holding an opinion on stilts was denied to girls—though you may not hold yourself on," added Bess, thoughtfully, wondering if she had made a pun.

"But really," interposed Mrs. Dana, from the sofa where she was lying, "I wish you would give up this idea. I am so alarmed at the thought of your exposing yourself so unnecessarily to so many accidents."

"Mother," said Bess, who was never backward in announcing her views, "Will is perfectly willing to give up the idea, but not the stilts; and as for his hurting himself, there are a hundred chances to one against it. My objections are not on the score of safety, but the nonsense of the thing."

“Now, mother,” cried William, “there is no more danger than in shaking the hearth rug on the piazza. Of course, you can fall off the stilts, and so you can pitch down the cellar stairs, if you want to. You never heard of a boy being hurt by stilts, and they have always been having them. I won’t have them as high as the moon—not till I know how to use them; and if I can’t have them when all the boys are playing, it isn’t any use to go out-doors at all. I’ll go to bed.”

This was a dreadful threat for a fond mother to hear, of course, and the result was a reluctant assent. Will was soon practicing in the back yard, for he did not choose to join the other boys till he had acquired some dexterity. It was not long, however, before he came marching around in front of the parlor windows, and gave notice that he was about to appear before the world.

“Be careful, now; do be careful,” said his mother, anxiously.

“Never mind, mamma,” said Bess, sooth-

ingly, "he won't be hurt. It is not in the nature of boys. Will, listen!" and she threw up the window. "Look out and fall on the sidewalk, so you won't get your jacket muddy!"

As for William, he stalked away to recitation in high spirits.

A few days after this the boys went into the woods on what you might call a nutting-tramp and stilt-frolic. Of course, being all together, and by themselves, they were a little more like wild Indians than when they were trooping along the Applethorpe turnpike.

They did not secure many nuts, but they found a great deal of fun. As they were hallooing through the woods, old Mr. Obadiah Williams, "Uncle Diah," as he was familiarly called, came in sight in a green lane skirting the woods. Uncle Diah was riding his old white mare—a sorry beast. Her whiteness was weather-worn and time-worn into a gray that was yet hardly venerable. Her ribs were remarkably numerous and uncommonly prominent. Her—what do you call them? shoul-

der-blades?—stuck up like the pommel of a saddle. Then she had no tail, to speak of, but if you should speak of it you would call it a “bob-tail.” As a graceful variation of the straight line in which she usually carried her neck, she would occasionally give her head a vigorous upward toss and shake, then drop it nearly to the ground, and then resume the placid, straight line again. Also, she had the spring-halt. She would draw up one of her legs almost close to her body, and set it down cautiously every time she started; wherefore, it took her a long time to start, and she was not swift, even after she had started. So when she came down the lane, bearing Uncle Diah, with a gentle, but jarring trot, no saddle or bridle, but a fragmentary wagon-harness dangling and dragging from her sides, Uncle Diah, with his trousers tucked half-way up to his knees, his dingy straw hat well back on his head, and man and mare seeming both to be in a mild, meditative mood,—why, it was a little comical, to be sure, and nobody could have been blamed for

a quiet remark or two, or even for an inoffensive side-laugh. But such expression could not at all satisfy these young Royster Doysters. You would have thought the most ridiculous sight the world ever saw must have been presented to them. They laughed, shouted, rolled, brandished their stilts at the horse and rider as long as they could catch glimpses of them through the trees, and, "It's a guv'ment steed!" roared Alick. "It's General Grant's favorite 'oss!"

"Vance-guard of cavalry going on a rad to Byington!" That was Joe Fillo, who was too lazy to find out whether r-a-i-d spelt one thing or another. "Going at two-forty, going, going, gone," cried a third.

"If I had a donkey,
And he wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd beat him?
Oh, no, no, no,"

sang Jack, sitting down on a heap of stones, and keeping time with his heels.

“I’ll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,
Will somebody bet on the gray?”

responded Garnet. And so they amused themselves till horse and rider were out of sight and out of mind, and a squirrel, or a woodchuck’s hole aroused their interest anew.

They had come out of the woods, and were just turned into the high road, when a new temptation beset them in the shape of Granny Evans. Granny Evans was one of the “town poor.” Nobody knew, at least none of the children knew, where she came from or to whom she belonged. She was a forlorn, utterly friendless old woman, without hope, without occupation, without purpose, yet apparently well content with her seat at the plain table of the woman who boarded her, with her chair by the fireside, with her knitting work, and her snuff-box. The children often met her walking to and fro, harmless and good-natured, though she had the name of being very high-tempered under provocation, and not always sober. Indeed, it was said that she seized every opportu-

nity to be what was called "cider-drunk," and that is a very rough and fierce sort of intoxication. She was in this condition when this group of merry, boisterous boys came up with her on the highway. She was talking to herself somewhat wildly, and she began haranguing them. They bantered back again, and strided along on their stilts, sometimes beside her, and sometimes one would clatter up close behind her, pretending that he was going to walk over her. She would turn to attack him, and while he was retreating another would walk around in front of her. They offered her no violence, but they irritated and exasperated her.

"What's up?" cried Ralph, driving home his cow, and just joining them.

"Hullo, Ralph!" cried Alick. "We've got the elephant! Sixpence a sight. No postponement on account of the weather!"

"What is it? What's happened?"

"Only just making Granny Evans honorary member of the Applethorpe Stiltsers, and es-

corting her home with military honors. Can't you fall in?"

"Oh! come now," called Jack, who was returning to his better self, "let's let up. She's too mad. It's too bad."

"Why, we're not touching her," said William.

"She's pretty touchy, any way," yelled Aleck.

"She's a woman, any way," said Garnet. "Come on, boys, and see who'll get to that birch tree first."

"It's a lame man for a race," cried Fred Parsons. "Garnet made his stilts last night. Granny Evans isn't a woman. Don't tell me! She is a tigress, gone mad and got the hydrophobia!"

"Well, we bit her, and made her mad," retorted Jack.

"Look here, Jack Meadows, shut up your preachment. I tell you she is as drunk as a fish. We made her! Why, she was shying around like a house a-fire when we came across

her, and we are only working off the fuddle. If you are afraid you will fall, say so, and go home to its mother.'"

Jack cared no more for Aleck's "chaffing," as they called it, than for the buzzing of a fly; and he and some of the others went gyrating along, striding from side to side and indulging all manner of pranks among themselves, but molesting poor Granny Evans no more. William Dana, however, being a beginner with stilts, was ambitious above all things to be reckoned a Master of Arts in that school, so he persuaded himself that the poor creature's drunkenness made her a fit mark for his jests, and continued to hover around her and badger her. It was more the excitement of the moment, the desire to show off his prowess, than malice; for William, though much spoiled by a feeble mother and a busy father, was not at heart an unkind or unfeeling boy. They had nearly reached the village, and Granny Evans was turning unsteadily down the by-road to

her home, when Aleck called out, "Good day," to her.

"Farewell! A word that must be and hath been!" cried Fred.

"Ye'll rue the day! ye'll rue the day, ye ever met me and mocked me!" cried the angry woman, shaking her gaunt finger at them.

"A parting blessing from Granny Evans!" shouted Aleck. "Draw up, rank and file, and receive orders!"

"Give us a lock of your bonnie brown hair!" sung William.

"I'll give ye another kind of a gift," she shrieked; and quick as thought she snatched up a brick that happened to be lying in her path and hurled it with crazy violence at the retreating boys. Was it good or evil fate that guided her frenzied, feeble hand? The brick hustled against one of William's stilts, and the poor boy's innocent frolic and guilty fun ended in a broken leg.

The next morning a message came to Jack,

Garnet, and Aleck, that Mr. Wexford would like to see them in his study half an hour before recitation. A request from Mr. Wexford was, like a king's invitation, not to be disregarded; and the three boys held a hurried consultation as they met near the Eyrie Study, for they felt it was no laughing matter.

"What's in the wind, do you suppose?" queried Aleck.

"Things enough," said Jack, "if you come to reckon up. But what particular kink do you fancy he's got in his head?"

"It's about Granny Evans, of course," said Garnet. "I shall own up, right off."

"And more fool you!" cried Aleck, pettishly. "What do you want to souse in head first, for? Lay low, can't you? Time enough to speak when you're spoken to."

"Well, come on," said Jack, whistling to keep his courage up, "we aren't dead yet, any how." And without coming to any unanimous agreement, they proceeded somewhat tremulously into Mr. Wexford's presence.

“So, young gentlemen,” said Mr. Wexford, when the salutations were over, “I hear that you have been rather strenuous in your attentions to my friend, Mr. Williams.”

My friend, Mr. Williams! They stared in unaffected astonishment, and a little explanation was necessary to recall to their minds the incident of the afternoon before.

“O, is that all?” spoke Jack, abruptly, quite thrown off his guard. “I thought”—

“What?” said Mr. Wexford, pleasantly, as Jack hesitated.

“Well,” replied Jack, confusedly, blushing and twirling his thumbs, “I did not know but”—

“Nor did I know, either. But I think you will do well to tell me the whole story.” And with those friendly, yet determined and searching eyes fastened upon him, Jack did tell the whole story, and Garnet, in the exhilaration of making a clean breast of it, added the confession of another escapade a fortnight before, which the good Domine had not dreamed of.

“But we ran for luck, sir,” said Garnet, earnestly. “We shied off a little, but we took the risk. We did not mean to lie about it, any how.”

“I rather think I do not need to be assured of that,” said Mr. Wexford, with a warmth of confidence that made their young hearts glow, and that would have amply atoned for far more severe scoldings and penance than their good-natured minister-teacher ever administered.

“But you must make an apology to Mr. Williams,” he said, emphatically.

“Yes, sir,” they answered, charmed to be let off so easily.

“We were so far off, though,” said Jack, “I don’t see how he could hear us. We were away up in the woods, on the hill, and he was down below, in the road. I did not think he would hear us.”

“Did you particularly think he would not hear you, or did you make any especial exertion that he should not?”

“Oh! I don’t suppose we did,” said Jack, laughing.

“Let your apology be such as shall satisfy him,” continued Mr. Wexford, “and not mere words to shield yourselves from censure; such an apology as shall restore a gentleman’s self-respect when he has been unwittingly guilty of a gross breach of propriety.”

“Yes, sir,” they responded again, swallowing the implied rebuke, but sweetening it with the implied characterization.

“I select you three as the representative boys of the group. But I wish you to bear the apologies of all. If you find, after investigation, that there are any who refuse heartily and sincerely to apologize, send them to me.”

Possibly the other boys were slightly influenced by this alternative, but certainly they all gave in their adhesion to the apology, and after dinner the three boys met, and started across the fields, the nearest way to Uncle Diah’s. They found him gathering apples in his orchard.

“Good morning, Mr. Williams,” began Jack, and cleared his throat for action.

“Good art’noon,” responded Uncle Diah, with a sly twinkle in his roguish old eyes.

“Oh! afternoon I mean, of course,” said Jack, blushing and laughing at this betrayal of his uneasiness. “But you know what we’ve come for, Mr. Williams. We’re a set of scamps, that’s what we are; but we didn’t mean anything only fun, and now you won’t lay it up against us, Uncle Diah?”

“Minister’s been roun’, eh?”

“Well, yes,” stammered Jack.

“But we think it is mighty mean our own selves,” said Garnet, quickly. “Fact is, we did not think you would hear us. Fact is, we did not think much about it, any way, only it was funny,” he added, dismayed to find himself ready to laugh again at the remembrance.

“Oh! lud-a-massy! I don’t mind it,” said the placid old man. “I’ll forgive you, ’s quick as a wink; jes’ liv’s as not. ’Taint no matter. Only ’taint a good way for young shavers to

be brought up, to fling out at an old fellow to his face, if 'taint quite so handsum."

"That's so," cried Aleck, enthusiastically for him. "It's worse'n that. It's right up and down low, handsome or no handsome. And if you catch me doing it again you may roast me and spit me and eat me. That's all."

"That's enough," said Uncle Diah, laughing. "What's the use of going into connip-tions if you have got out o'kilter once in a way? An' taint me, arter all, that's the trouble. I don't mind laughin' at me, my feelins is tough; but I don't want nobody to be pokin' fun at my hoss. Now that are hoss," said he, approaching, and patting her ridged sides admiringly, as the patient creature stood waiting to draw the full cart to the barn, "that are mare, she's a good creeter. She aint quite so spry as some, maybe,—a little stiff in the jints, and not so handsome as she was when I fust knowed her, nigh thirty years ago. But she's a trusty creeter, and she's got a sight of wear in her yet. She knows me like a book,

and all the roads round in this country, sir, as you know your alphabet. I was comin' home in a snow storm, once, so thick you couldn't see your hand afore you, and I got sort o' bewildered like, and didn't know where I was, no more'n the dead; and she wouldn't go this way, and would go that, till I finally give up and let her have her own head; and she never took a back track, but brought up at the stable door. She aint a gay beast, but I don't want nobody naggin' at her. Come, jump on, and go up and have some cider."

Nothing loath, the boys climbed up the sides of the rickety old cart, and found precarious footing—and hand-ing—somewhere on its jolting timbers; and I suppose they would rather have hung on by their elbows than have walked. And Uncle Diah cracked his whip, which old Dobbin did not mind at all, for she knew it would not hurt her. So, undisturbed, she drew the creaking cart and the merry boys up the irregular hill, jouncing and jolting to their heart's content. Then the boys leaped out,

rushed to the cider-press, helped clean the nuts and screw down the pomace, but did their bravest feats in sucking cider through straws from the foaming half-hogshead into which it was running; nor did it trouble them the least in the world that it had not been strained. Then Uncle Diah declared that such hard workers must not go home without their supper, and "mother" was appealed to, who immediately spread them thick slices of bread with butter and honey, such as the souls of boys delight in, and wrapped up for them a whole plateful of doughnuts—in a newspaper, to be sure, but who cares?—besides every pocket stuffed full of great, rosy apples, at which the young savages gave a wild war-whoop of delight, and went home in great good humor with the Williamses, man and beast.

"Don't you, please, want us to make some more apologies to somebody else?" asked Garnet, meekly, after having given an account of themselves to Mr. Wexford. Whereat Mr. Wexford pinched his ear,—the sauce-box.

“There’s Granny Evans, for instance,” said Aleck. “But I don’t believe it would count up much there.”

“No,” said Mr. Wexford, “Granny is, I suppose, hardly aware of your actions or her own; and there would be no use in your making her aware. But that a woman is not a lady, is no reason in the world why a man should not be a gentleman.”

As for poor William, I do not know that he was any worse than some of the others toward Granny Evans, but he had the hardest time of it. For while they were studying and working and playing, he lay upon his bed of pain and weariness and helplessness. The boys were very kind to him, and they often went to see him; but for all that, the hours were many and long, and I suppose poor Will did more steady thinking than he had ever done in all his life before.

“Bessie,” said he, one day, suddenly, “you’ve no idea what a mean fellow I am.”

“Yes, I have,” she replied, consolingly; “I

have known it a great while. I know you better than you think."

"Well, you are civil to a body!"

"I have to be. You have had a hard time of it, and I have been very sorry, and pitied you as much as there was any call for. But mother has died so many deaths through anxiety, and father thinks the sun shines through you, and you are getting well now, and there is nobody to give you pieces of their mind but me. What have you been mean about?"

"Well, I was sort of mean about Granny Evans."

"And a pretty bad sort of mean, too."

"But you know the other fellows were there, and we were all together, and she begun it; and then, one went in, and another went in, and it did not look so, then. I tell you, you get training on, a lot of fellows, and you don't think what you do do."

"The Dodo is a dead bird, and you came pretty near it yourself. Why don't you stand up for yourself, and not always train in some-

body else's company? If the other boys were wrong, there was a chance for you to go right, and be ahead. Most always the right is as dull as lead."

"It is easy enough talking, Bessie; but somehow things seem to get done before you know it."

"But you find it out pretty quick afterwards. Fancy what a figure you would make in the Sunday School books,—teasing an old woman and breaking his leg!"

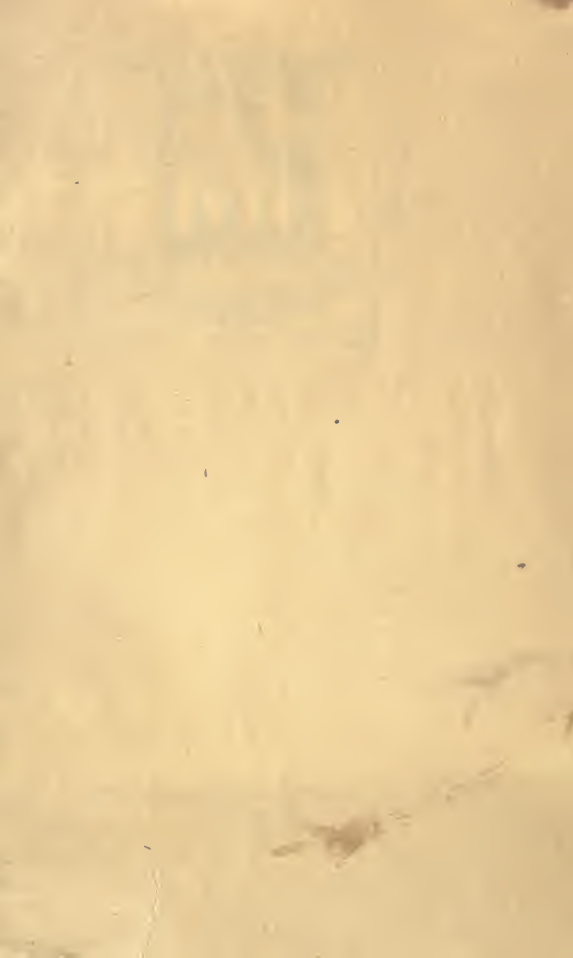
"I should make a very good 'bad boy,' shouldn't I?"

"Dear old fellow," said Bessie, giving him a sudden, violent hug, and a most unexpected and explosive kiss. "You are hateful, sometimes, and so am I, twice as often; but you are good inside, if we did not all spoil you so. Tell me, do you want your roast apple sugared inside, or roasted whole?"









Cross L. Withers.

OLIVE PERCIVAL



HER ♥ BOOK

Oscar L. Mathews.

